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FLASH

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May, 1974

BACK

Preserving the Past
For the Future

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FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

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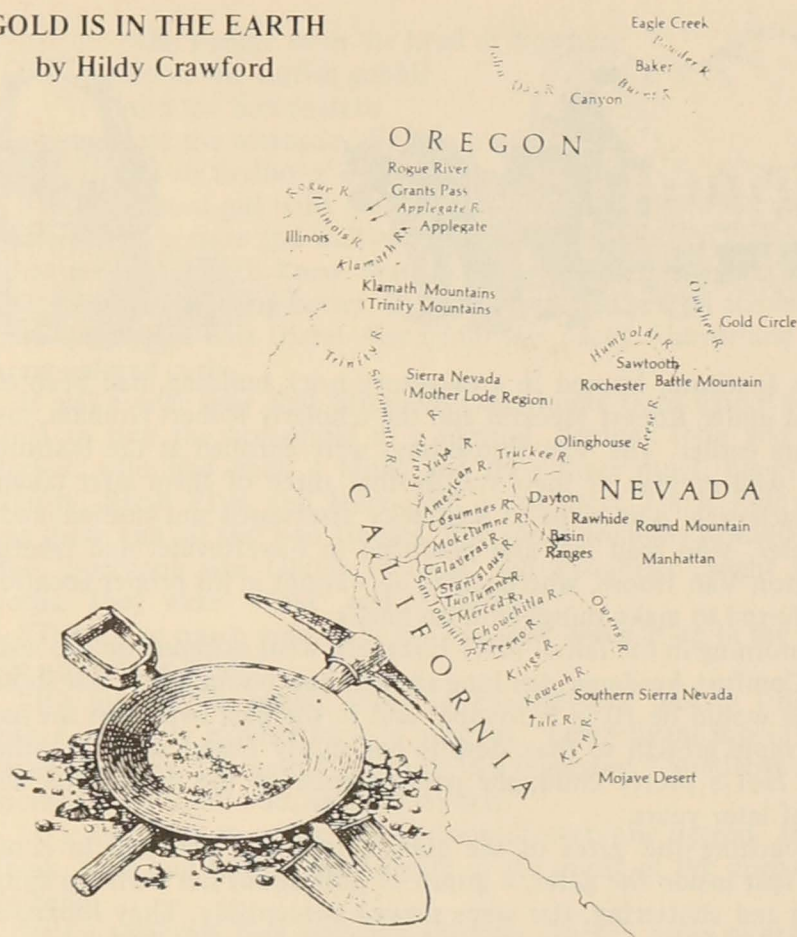
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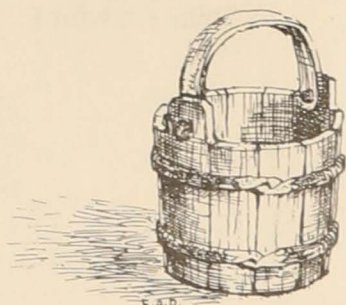
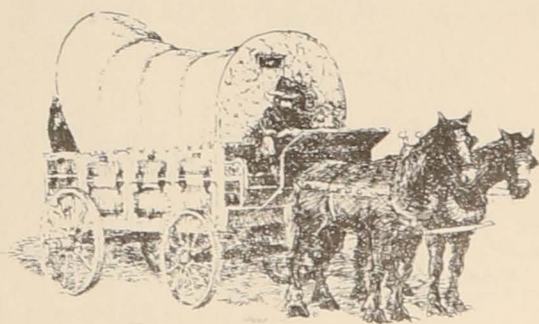
GOLD IS IN THE EARTH

by Hildy Crawford



The story that follows is by Mrs. W. E. R. Crawford whose husband is a grandson of Elizabeth (Lizzie) Van Hoose and William Henry Francis Marion. Mrs. Crawford has written a number of stories for FLASH-BACK in the past, and this one is part of her book about the life of Elizabeth Van Hoose, titled "Against the Living Forest". We hope she will let us publish more of the book in the future.

Mt. Comfort was a small farming community with its own schools, the Ozark Institute, which had succeeded the Far West Seminary, and the Mt. Comfort Academy, a companion school for girls, more commonly known as "Miss James' school." Only a few miles northwest of Fayetteville, it was a settled neighborhood.



Ozark Institute, housed in a two-story brick building, had been established under Robert Mecklin and the scholarly Robert Graham, just two years earlier. The Van Hoose boys were enrolled at the Institute and did well enough at their studies that three of them later taught there. Zachariah, who went to Kentucky afterwards and studied medicine; Peter, who read law and practiced in Fayetteville; and George Washington Van Hoose, who decided he was not in his proper vocation and preferred to make things with his hands.

One morning in the fall of 1847 Elizabeth went skipping up the walk to Mt. Comfort Academy, her long straight hair bouncing on her shoulders. She would be 10 in November and in the past two years she had made a rapid growth so that, despite her sturdy frame, she was rather slender. Not a pretty child, she gave promise of the personality and charm of later years.

Approaching the gates of the girls' school, she marched in confidently. Just inside the gates, a group of girls about her own age stood laughing and chattering. Her steps slowed perceptibly. They looked as if they belonged here in this fancy school which was so different from the old log school house. Elizabeth's face paled so that the freckles bridging her nose and cheeks were golden. Her knees felt queer and her heart started pumping against her ribs. Eyes fixed on the entrance, she walked slowly up the steps.

She could feel their glance as one and then another of the girls turned to look at her. Someone whispered something. Someone else giggled lightly. Elizabeth had never felt so uncomfortable. She wished she were home.

A supercilious young voice demanded. "Where did you come from?" Elizabeth jerked about to face them; a tide of color rose to the freckles and a swift retort sprang to her lips.

"Oh, I come from the head of Nowhere
Where the catfish gobble
And the lion roareth
And the whangdoodle mourneth
For its firstborn!"

The pert faced girl with the straw-colored hair tossed her curls back in a scornful gesture and walked away. From the amused glances of the other girls, Elizabeth knew that she had had the best of it. She went into the school feeling better. By recess, she had several acquaintances and, by noon, a best friend. Her name was Lacey Abbott and she had straw-colored curls.

It was a year later that Elizabeth came home from school one afternoon to find the household in a turmoil. Brother John and his wife Rachel, who had been a Mills, and their three quiet, big-eyed girls, Charity, Sarah Ellen and Mary Ann, were there. Uncle Pete Mankins was there and all the Van Hoses. The room seemed crowded with big men. Everyone was talking at once, but Elizabeth caught just two words. They were "Gold" and "California".

"There's so much gold they say you can sweep it up in the streets," Jim was saying loudly.

"It's all they're talking about in Fayetteville," put in Uncle Pete, with a curiously excited look in his eyes. "Lewis Evans is goin' and the Carnahan boys. I'm helpin' organize the company." Suddenly his voice boomed out, "I tell you, we'll all be rich!"

"It's a chance to make our fortunes," everyone agreed. John Van Hoose, who had been a quiet figure in the midst of the uproar, raised his hand.

"It's a tolerable long way to California. There's miles of prairie land and high mountains between here and there, and hostile Indians along the way." His eyes were grave as he added, "I've heard there's gold at the end of the rainbow . . . but I don't aim to set out looking for it."

Lydia nodded and smiled, for this made sense.

"There's lots going from around Fayetteville," reminded Zach.

"Why don't we go?" Jim's voice was urgent. "We'd come back rich."

Lydia's hands twisted her apron. "You wouldn't break into your schooling, would you?" she demanded of her sons. "You've worked too hard at rail-splitting, just to throw away your chance at an education." She turned to Zach. "Would you give up your teaching job at \$30 a month?" Her voice was tense as she turned to her tousle-headed Peter, whose nose was always in a book. "And you, son, you can't give up your law study." She clucked her tongue against the roof of her mouth. "Gracious me! California seems like the other side of the world away."

Zach looked down at his bad foot and Peter evaded his mother's eyes. Conscious of his own obligations, John J. stood by the window staring out blindly. Elizabeth, who had halted in the doorway, absorbing what was going on, darted to her mother's side.

"Ma," she cried, "if Pa and the boys go to California, can I go too?" Excitement tinged her cheeks. "Can I, Ma?"

Her brothers looked at each other, simultaneously inspired. Peter stuttered in his haste, "Pa-aa!" he began.

"Why don't YOU go, Pa?" It was Zach who voiced the inspiration.

"Why don't you, Pa?" chorused John J., Peter and Jim

"Good idea," roared Uncle Pete. "I'd like mighty fine to have you."

John Van Hoose sat looking at his wife, and her heart sank as she heard him say, "We'll see."

The boys appropriated Elizabeth's big geography and spent the evenings poring over maps, plotting the westward trail from South Pass, the natural portal to the Great Salt Lake, to Utah and to the Pacific. They talked of buffalo and game hunting, red men on painted ponies, the superior endurance of oxen on long trips and of the golden lands of California where it was summer year around.

They planned and wrote out and then reduced to bare necessities a lengthy list of supplies needed for the trip. In imagination, they made the trip night after night and never ceased urging their father that this was opportunity calling. Elizabeth leaned upon the table, chin cupped in her hand, listening to the great adventure. Neglected were her books that had temporarily lost their magic.

Uncle Pete came to report on the plans for the wagon train and to renew his arguments that the Van Hooses should join the train. Mary had married Nathan Tharpe, and he caught the gold fever from listening to Uncle Pete. Rachel and Porter came to visit and Porter lingered to talk about California.

Alone at night in the big bed, John told Lydia, "I've been thinking maybe this is a God-given opportunity to pay off that debt that's hung over me all these years. The negroes Uncle Pete got to work for us can take care of the tobacco patch while I'm gone, and the boys would be here to look after you. Think you'd make out all right?"

Lydia shivered. "You'll have to do as you think best, John." Her voice was so low she had to repeat it.

When the wagon train left in April of 1849, John Van Hoose and his two sons-in-law, Porter Dickerson and Nathan Tharpe, went with it. The Fayetteville party numbered 103 persons, 87 from Washington Co., ten from Benton County, four from Madison County, and two from Tennessee. Fourteen were from the Cherokee Nation. Captaining the train

was Lewis Evans of Fayetteville, Arkansas, with Pete Mankins and Tom Tyner as lieutenants.

Isaac Hale took his wife along, and there were five members of the Freyschlag family, including the Misses Barbara and Marina. There were the Carnahan boys and the Irvin boys, the two Crawfords, J. J. and Oscar Bean, three Lewises, the Schulers, the McCullohs, A. B. T. Pyeatt and Isaac Murphy, who was destined to be Governor of Arkansas. Jacob Strickland, who had started with an ox team from the Middle Fork of the White River went along, too. The ox-drawn Freyschlag wagon was made by Peter Van Winkle at his shop northwest of town. There was a dancing teacher, Herman Freyschlag, and his sister had taught art and music at Fayetteville Female Seminary, but it is legendary that the two sisters walked all the way to California.

There was snow on the ground as John Van Hoose and some of his old neighbors from Hazel Valley and the rest of the company left home. With him were Nathan and John Lewis, Nathan Tharpe, Porter Dickerson and Jacob Strickland. Their oxen were huffing smoky air and their wagon wheels rimmed tracks in the new snow.

"It won't be like this in California, Pa.," yelled Jim as the whole family and all their neighbors stood waving in farewell.

A week later the train rendezvoused in the Illinois River Valley at Grand Saline in the Cherokee Nation.

On the eve of departure, the Evans' band held a religious service with Rev. William (Horse) Wilson asking a blessing on the expedition. John Van Hoose's "Amen" was a fervent one and he sat late reading his Bible, seeking reassurance that this was not a foolish and dangerous undertaking.

The next day, April 23, they began their long journey, over roads boggy from the unseasonable snowfall,

It was late afternoon, several weeks later, when the slow moving train reached the Santa Fe Trail and Capt. Evans halted the wagons to make camp for the night. Men and boys scattered to gather wood for the camp fires and cook fires, while others unhitched the oxen and fed them. The women were getting out kettles and supplies and planning the evening meal.

A small knot of men gathered about Rankin Pyeatt's wagon, where he was checking a counter he'd rigged on a rear wheel. Porter peered skeptically over Rankin's shoulder. "Does that contraption really register the miles?"

"Yup," said Rankin, raising up and dusting off his hands, "it says that right now we're 300 miles from Fayetteville."

"How can that be?" demanded one of the Carnahans. "'Tain't

natural."

"Nothing unnatural about it," retorted Rankin. "I figured out how many times that wheel turns over each mile."

"Wal I be dogged," Pete Mankins exclaimed. "Let's put a marker here!"

So they erected what came to be known as the Arkansas Monument, collecting and piling up rocks. Over the stone cairn they placed a sign which read, 'To Fayetteville, Arkansas, 300 miles - Capt. Evans Cal. Com'y. May 14, 1849.' Soon, wagon trains were using it as a postal station, picking up and carrying letters in the direction they were headed.

Progress seemed slow and days were monotonous as the dusty train creaked and crept westward. The going was easier along the Santa Fe trail, smoothed by the wheels, hooves and feet of many wagon trains. There were the usual breakdowns and delays. There were dissensions as tempers wore thin, and some lost their zest for the gold search. They argued impatiently, disputing the route ahead, and at Pueblo, some of the train turned back.

It wasn't long before the train ran into hot summer weather. Early one morning before the wagons rolled, Pete Mankins appeared before the council.

"That schooner of meat is gettin' kinda high and it's a mite heavy to be hauling over the mountains anyway. I'd like it if you'd lay over a day and let me trim that cargo."

"Don't seem right to waste meat," protested Tharpe. "We may be hungry going through those mountains."

Tom Tyner spoke up. "Pete and me think we can trim the meat and save most of it, if we do it now. Later on we might lose the whole wagon load."

"Oh, let them go ahead and do it," ejaculated a middle-aged Benton County farmer whose ideas were usually at variance with the others. "I think we'd best be doing something about that pack of thieving Indians that's been pestering us . . . stealing everything they can lay their hands on."

"I'll take care of them, too," Mankins promised and went to move the meat wagon away from the train. He made motions to the Indians to follow him.

The Indians crowded around close as he halted the team and climbed down out of the wagon. The meat they had hauled from Fayetteville was rank and salty as he pulled the cover off of it. Drawing his sorgum-topping knife, with its biting blade, he began to cut out the bad spots, fatty scraps and stringy dark meat, tossing the refuse to the Indians.

They wolfed it down, filling empty bellies with the salty, high-smelling meat and pouncing on each scrap. When Pete had the cargo trimmed to suit him, he waved his hands back and forth, crossing in mid-air to indicate that was all.

Their hunger satiated, the Indians went looking for water. They drank gallons. There were sick Indians, moaning and groaning, and some died from the gorging but when the wagon train moved on, so did the hangers-on, begging for handouts.

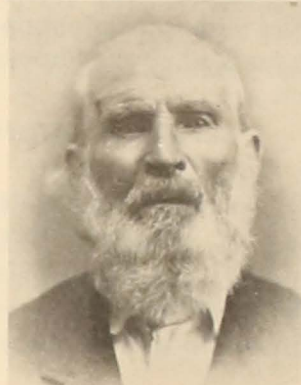
Disgusted at the sick Indians and afraid they might become more of a menace than a nuisance, if they got desperate enough, Evans called Pete to one side. "Thought you said you'd rid us of these Indians."

"I'll think of something," Pete promised.

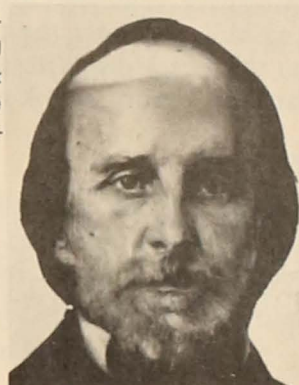
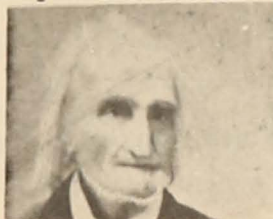
When they came to a river, the train halted to make rafts to float the wagons across. Looking for usable materials in the ruins of a tumble-down fort, Pete uncovered a rusty cannon. "Tom", he yelled, "get some of the boys up here and let's see what we can do about puttin' the fear of the Lord into them pesky Indians." He gestured down the hill to where the camp followers waited for the train to move on so they could follow.

Making a solid support of logs, the men heaved and hoisted and mounted the ancient gun onto a makeshift carriage. Pouring a couple of handfuls of powder down the rusty muzzle, Pete crammed in rocks and dirt, trained it on the tepees below and set it off. The cannon reared back like a snake-bitten cayuse, belching rocks and dirt. The noise was fearful and rocks falling from the sky panicked the Indians but didn't accomplish what Pete had hoped. The Indians were still following them when the train crossed the river.

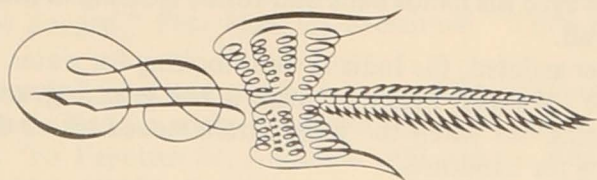
More of the thrilling adventures "suffered" by the hardy band of Fayetteville forty-niners will be told in the rest of this chapter to be printed in the next issue of Flashback.



Rankin Pyeatt (l), Isaac Murphy (r), John VanHoose all took the long trek west. Pyeatt later wrote his account of the trip. Murphy was the first post-war governor of Arkansas.



QUERIES



LONG

Dorothy Long Rieck, Box 372, Fletcher, Oklahoma 73541 wants information on the Jack Long family, living in Washington County in 1860. Wishes to locate burial place. Names in family Sallay Ann (Sarrah), Elizabeth, Mary Ann, John Marion, Martha Jane, Lucinda Andrew, Emily Isabel and James. Please write her if you have information.

HODGE

Mrs. Nancy A. Long, 6309 Edgefield Street, Lakewood, California 90713 wants information on the James C. Hodge family, born 1812, wife Allie She was identified with the early history of Fayetteville, lived on Rollston Street for 48 years. Sons were Robert, William, James and Thomas. She would like names of grandparents, dates, and other information you may have. (Note: The Hodge family were good restaurant people in the history of Fayetteville.)

LEE-SHOOK

Mrs. Frances Lea Harris, 1004 West Freeman, Selah, Washington 98942 writes about the old Lee mill which was on Middle Fork, near the Reece cemetery after the Civil War. It was later called the Finley Lee Mill, and later the Lee and Richards Mill. She wishes information on the Lee Mills. Will correspond with searchers on the Lee and Shook families. Emory Shook married Margarette A. Lee.

PYEATT

Billy J. Cook writes that he would like to have a copy of the Pyeatt family history published some years ago by the Society. His grandfather was William Thomas Pyeatt, born 1878. Write him if you have information. Address is 2215 North 14th Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85008.

MORGAN

Mrs. H. G. Hill, 2433 North Freemont, Springfield, Missouri 65803 writes: "Perry Chancey Morgan, my grandfather, was a teacher in your county in and near the year 1900. I am trying to learn his age, his parents' names, where he was born, etc. If in your old records you have any family information I would very much appreciate it—and the years he was teaching there. Thank you."

WILLIFORD-LEWIS-HOLT

Mrs. Natheil Kraemer, 523 Warner-Parrott Road, Oregon City, Oregon 97405 asks: "Need parents of David Williford, b. ca. 1797-8, N. C., mar. 7 August 1845 Fayetteville, Ark. Rebecca, wid. Walden, b. Mar. 1809 Va. Was she a Lewis?"

"Also need data on John Holt, b. 1792 N. C. and wife Hanna Stevenson, b. 1798 Ga. Were they parents of Louisa Miriam Holt b. ca. 1822 Alabama, who mar. John Johnson (b. 1811, Tennessee) in Fayetteville, Ark?"

HAMMONS-GILBREATH

Mrs. B. E. Crane, Rt. 4 Box 302, New Braunfels, Texas 78130 wishes to contact descendants of Nancy Cordelia Hammons, b. 1858, Little Springs, Madison County, Arkansas, m. Lafayette Gilbreath. May have lived Oklahoma. Did she receive claim based on descent from Indian mother of Micajah Hammons, b. 1789 N. C. or Tennessee, possibly son of Thomas Hammons, Revolutionary War soldier from Albemarle County, Virginia, who lived in Hawkins Co., Tennessee, d. 1832.

WALTRIP-DUNLAP

Mrs. J. F. Girard, 704 Stone Blvd., West Sacramento, California 95691 wants: Parents of Melvina Waltrip, b. ca 1831, m. ca 1855/6, John Dunlap, b. ca 1823-30 in Ohio. Children, Leonard D., Alice, John H., Emma, Minnie, Franklin and Hiram, all born in California.

WAGONTRAINS

Dorothy Thomas, 1544 Loganberry Way, Pleasanton, California 94566 says she is searching for all material pertaining to wagontrains, such as diaries, journals, logs, newspaper clippings, for a research aid with information about any aspects of overland parties to Arkansas in early days and California during Gold Rush days. She wants to include names of wagontrains and members of individual trains.



Another in the series of letters from Sophia Sawyer to the Reverend Robert Greene in Boston, reporting on the progress of the Fayetteville Female Seminary. This issue, editor Pat Donat intersperses some autobiographical chapters by Seminary teacher Ann James who joins the faculty of the budding school in 1847.

MISS
SOPHIA SAWYER
AND
HER SCHOOL

by Pat Donat

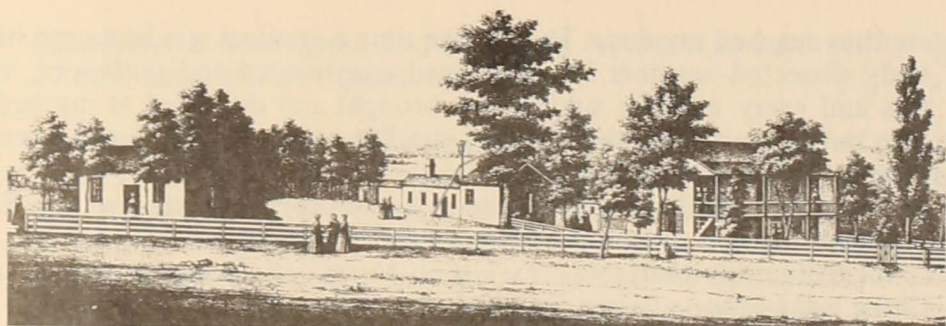
Fayetteville Female Sem. Jan. 31st 1846

Rev. David Greene

Our Dear Friend,

If it will give you any pleasure to know that I am brought back from the grave, restored to life and all its activities, that pleasure is yours.

On the 13th of Dec. the little orphan girl, which I had taken to educate, was suddenly and violently seized with the fever, that has since prevailed in this town and in many cases, been fatal to old persons and children. The situation of our friends was such that they could not afford aid, so that the care of the child—the school and all the connecting responsibilities pressed on me until the evening of the 11th at nine o'clock when I was released from school. The next morning at three o'clock a chill and thirst, so new to me in character, told me plainly that I must look about myself and prepare for severe sickness and probably death. The sweet child's fever I knew had arrived at that stage which called for the most careful and skillful attendance. Of course no person except myself could control her thirst and appetite in food and medicine, without a resistance on her part, that would be injurious and as my fever rose after the chill I felt my reason going and threw myself and the child on the mercy of the people—Told the Dr. that if they did not give us the most watchful and judicious attendance we should both die. The Dr. thought my fever would be allayed with anodynes. It matters not what you think, I replied, only do not forget, or overlook us amidst the many sick; you will see in a few days, it is not a reaction after a great and exhausting labor. Only be watchful and supply your skill and you will see in a few days, it is real and dangerous disease. This was Thursday the 18th, the next Monday at midnight under a sinking



Fayetteville Female Seminary

turn the Dr. told me if I had any arrangements to make they must be made soon—that the chances were against me. Having known this all the time, I was glad to hear it from him and to be --- to make the best arrangements then in my power. I proposed waiting until morning, unwilling to trouble my business friend at that hour and believing I should live till morning. The Dr. hesitated, and has since told me he thought the morning would be too late. The faltering pulse, difficult respiration (sic) he understood, and I only felt. He staid by me, however, gave me reviving medicine until he decided that I should survive a few hours, at least, and then went to a dying child. This was the crisis of the disease with me, perspiration (sic) soon poured off and I felt a reviving influence, though the cough and difficulty of breathing remained. My friend called at an early hour, called my attention to the will, made such alterations as I named. I signed it and all was done. My friends then bid me live by words of kind encouragement God had done so before them, though I was lying on the poize (?) unable to take anything to give me strength without increasing the pain of breathing and raising. In one week of this I could receive a teaspoonful of wine and quinine, sit raised in the bed and read. After this returning health was so sweet and rapid, that I have had more real enjoyment during this sickness and recovery perhaps than during the same time in usual health. I had my reason too in my waking hours to control myself and child—never gave up the case of medicine, except when Mrs. W. my judicious, skillful and kind friend could be with me. I received the most prompt and skillful medical attendance, but alas for the nursing in this country! To Mrs. W., under God, I owe my life. O for the noiseless footsteps—soft hands—gentle movements of the sickroom! I can by recollection only know them hereafter. The heavy, hurried and --- approach to my chamber after my danger was known, made me tremble—at every call,

ere they reached my door. Then at the time a criminal was hung and his body dissected—another brought—tried—condemned and sentenced, all this and every exciting subject was brought and discussed at my bedside until relieved by the order of the Physician. To my pupils I sent messages, telling them if I recovered they would see me, if not, in my coffin they could look undisturbed as long as they wished—that I could not hear the most distant footsteps of theirs without painful emotions.

As to my spiritual concerns I tried to rest in the righteousness of Christ and beg for a fitness for his service in heaven.

Now dear sir, I know this is a tedious detail to one whose circumstances and character are involved in so many publick and private interests and while I have been writing I have borne these relations in mind, yet the strong desire for your sympathy has urged me to communicate too freely.

This sickness and the liability of the returning disease with my increasing years has led me to conclude that perhaps it is the will of our heavenly father that I should finish my labors on earth at this place. Should the Committee think so too and give no encouragement of employment in a mild and less variable climate perhaps I had better die under the view of Slavery and Catholic influence. The Priests are among us—one of them attended our first criminals in prison and on the gallows—and for the first time the morning after the execution my ears were saluted with excited inquiry, “Miss S, Miss S, where is purgatory? What is it? The priest says, ‘Mrs. Burnett (meaning the woman who was hung) is gone there’.” The Bishop is expected from Europe with a colony, who are to locate a few miles from this place on land already purchased, where they propose to educate youth and children of both sexes. They have the wealth and literature and you know, sir, knowledge is power and even the Bible tells us “money answereth all things.” But the darkest—for the darkest shade in the moral condition of the West, or rather as far as I am acquainted, is the ignorance and want of piety in the Clergy and of course the standard of morals in the Church, to say nothing of sectarian feelings and the absence of the spirit of the gospel. People here will pray in publick for instantaneous sanctification and progress to obtain it—that is Christian perfection, while they do not possess common honesty, in the every day transactions of life. From these and other causes I have sometimes been ready to yield all belief in God and man. Time and strength to read about Luther and the doctrines of the Reformers have given me belief, but O how could I suffer what they suffered. Ought we not to be ready to meet death—*lingering death* at the stake. Where will the Church be found.

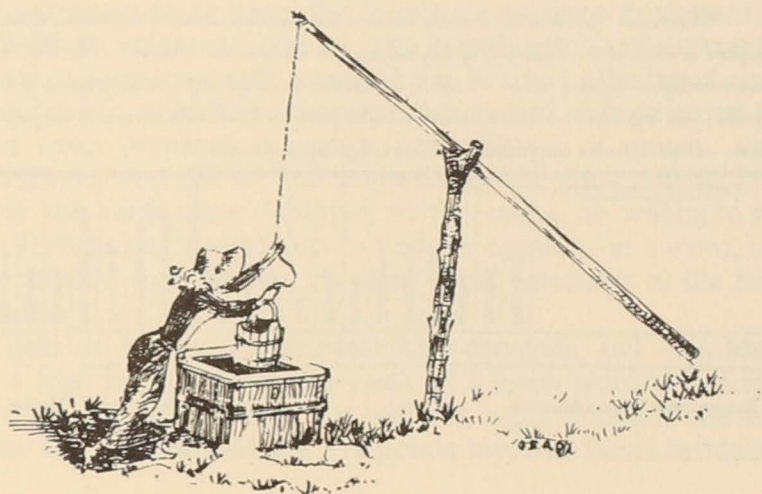
S. Sawyer

(The letter is here signed as if in closing, but picks up again with a date 12 days later, and an explanation:)

Dear Sir — I have deferred closing this letter chiefly for want of (time?). Since I have been able to write, domestic labors occupied all my time and strength and now the school that I entered on the edge has increased to 15 though it was only opened for a month, that I might bring forward some little ones ere we opened the Spring term the first Wednesday in March. Our business transactions have been very perplexing. The last season, owing to the dishonest failure of a man who induced me to have a well dug in the - - - yard for the school—pledging himself to reach sufficient good water for \$30 or receive nothing—after some more than 20 feet without observing water demanded pay and though the lawyers told me he could not recover, my friends persuaded me to give it rather than be further troubled. I since have persevered and found abundance of good water at 20 feet coming out of flint rock. We reached an exhaustless spring on the 23d of Jan. 1846 a day long to be remembered by me. I will soon, if my life and health is spared, write you particularly respecting our pecuniary circumstances. In the meantime I should like to hear if the B. (Board) advise is a discharge from any direction or patronage hereafter of Miss S? I know not why but it gives the most painful feelings when I think of a final separation from their patronage, though I have so long been acting for myself and was as unsuccessful among the missionaries and shared so little in the confidence and affections of our patrons.

As ever yours

S. Sawyer.



Note: It would be of interest to know who the orphan girl was that Miss Sawyer took to "educate". It is a reasonably safe assumption that Dr. T. J. Pollard was her physician, since he was one of the supporters of the seminary. Miss Sawyer's specific instructions for her treatment is no supposition, however, for she, sick or well, maintained her control over any situation. It is possible that the Mrs. W. of the "soft hands and noiseless footsteps" was Mary Walker, wife of David Walker, early Fayetteville lawyer and one of the prime supporters of the school.

Sophia's next letter, written five months later, is full of her personal burdens but with no mention of events which must surely have affected her day to day existence. Her patroness, Mrs. Sarah Bird Northrup Ridge, widow of Cherokee John Ridge, was involved in complicated litigation seeking to recover something of her late husband's estate in Benton County. Miss Sawyer had been a tutoress in the Ridge family since before the "Trail of Tears" and Mrs. Ridge's problems must certainly have been a subject of great concern within the family circle. But not a word of this finds its way into her next letter to the Rev. Greene. Nor does she mention the death of Mrs. Ridge's grand-daughter, three year old Suzan Agnes, who died while on a trip to Washington, D. C. with her parents Sarah and George Paschal. Paschal was a delegate from the Cherokee nation in treaty discussions seeking settlement for children of the victims of the infamous Ridge and Boudinot assassinations by an opposing Cherokee faction in 1839. None of these family affairs find their way into her letter to brother Greene. Only a plea for help in the form of a teaching assistant.

MONTHLY RECORD.

Parents and Guardians are earnestly desired to keep themselves advised of the standing of their daughters or wards, in this Institution, by duly noticing their marks in this Record. The Fig. 9, denotes the highest degree of praise---8 and 7, intimate that the Pupil might, in the judgment of the Teacher, have done better---6 and 5, indicate a decided failure in the Pupil's attention to her proper duties---4 and 3, positive disapprobation---2 and 1, high degree of censure.

Wm. E. Woodruff, Printer, Little Rock.													
Miss	Pennsylv.	Elision.	Spelling.	Geography.	Grammar.	Mathematics.	History.	Rhetoric.	Logic.	Physics.	Moral Science.	Composition.	Anc. & Mod. Languages.
													Drawing, Painting.
												Or. Needle-work.	Vocal Music.
													Instrumental Music.
													Writing.
													Diligence.
													Departments.

Arkansas
Female Sem. Fayetteville, June 20th 1846

Rev. David Greene
Mission House, Boston, Ms.

Dear Sir,

I received your letter of March 26th and in accordance with the advice it communicated, have been laboring here since, with the increasing confidence and patronage of the community with whom God in his providence seems to have appointed my labors. My knowledge, physical and intellectual powers should be increased tenfold to meet the necessities of the people and at least five, to answer *expectations*. A reaction will come, unless I can procure suitable aid—You must, dear friend in Christ, help me to sustain the position I occupy, by selecting a suitable assistant. Let her be of mature age, of well balanced and disciplined mind, not moved by the fluctuating opinions of men or *even of friends*. She must be able to play skillfully on the pianoforte—have a scientific knowledge of musick, such as will enable her to teach the pupils successfully—vocal also. Let her understand and be able to communicate the higher branches of English—such as are taught in the best female high school in the Mission. French is desired and may be needed; also drawing and the skillful use of the needle in plain and ornamental work. She must be second to none in what she *undertakes*. So far as I have ability her pupils shall be *understandingly* taught in the primary branches (branches) as they pass from my tuition to hers. I will do the drudgery and fix first principles, if she will accomplish a complete education. It can be done, even in *Arkansaw*. The Catholics have already solicited patronage to do it and the people are waiting a Protestant high school. Will you come and save us from popish error and superstition. But to return for a moment I fancied I was talking to the lady herself—Above all let her capabilities be under the control of high moral principle and come prepared to endure contradiction of sinners, always considering *him* who did so, lest she be weary and *faint*. And while she holds fast the faith once delivered to the saints, be willing to yield sectarian feelings and possessions to popular opinion—in a word, be all things to all men that she may *do* good to *all* especially to the household of faith.

Now, dear sir, I know I have made high demands, and wish I could propose a high pecuniary reward—such as I know would procure the services of an efficient teacher, yet without moral principle she would fail in the ten thousand ninety (?) points involved (and) in fidelity to

pupils. We venture to offer \$50 per quarter aside from her board and contingent expenses. She can, it is supposed, secure a lucrative patronage—For myself I venture not, to offer, as an inducement to join me in school, pecuniary reward. But if the love of souls which brought the son of God to our earth and made him a resident where he had not place to lay his head prevail, she will come, like him, who for our sakes became poor, and lay all her capabilities at the cross and like Luther live and die for the truth. May unerring wisdom point to the right aid.

My health is equal to sustaining, *alone* a laborious school of 41 pupils daily, 57 in sabbath school and Bible class, unaided except by my pupils.

Mr. C. C. Stowe of Walnut Hill, Ohio has advised me to address Miss Sarah Tuttle on the subject. This I shall do—in the meantime make inquiries and write me—The world is the field *you will help me*.

As ever yours

S. Sawyer

(*Two days later a P. S.*)

22nd. Perhaps you can see Miss Tuttle. Her direction is care of C. C. Dean, Mission S. S. Depository Boston. One of the initials of the name of Dean I do not know, it is so *formless*. You can find the lady, however, and act for me. Mr. Stowe has already written to her and advises me to do the same. This I should have done promptly had not fatigue forbid me Saturday to do so. I am always so overwhelmed with care and labor, that it is not easy to write to a stranger who would draw unjust references from my letter. You, sir, understand my character—use your *own judgment*, if you please—not waiting to write to Mr. Worcester, it will take so long, and I *am now* like Leonidas at the pass, if help does not come soon the battle will be over. It is with most painful (dis)comfort that I accomplish demanded labor.

S. Sawyer

Note: Rev. Greene responded on July 15th and Miss Sawyer received his letter July 25th. Remarkable time for mail service in that day and age from Boston to Arkansas. (Time-wise, about like today.)

Rev. David Greene
Mission House, Boston

Dear Sir,

Your reply to my letter of June 20th came to hand a few days since with the date July 15th. A few days previous we received the "History and Constitution of the Ladies Society for the Promotion of Education in the West." We are gratified, encouraged and we hope truly thankful that so much interest in manifested in the cause of education by our distant friends.

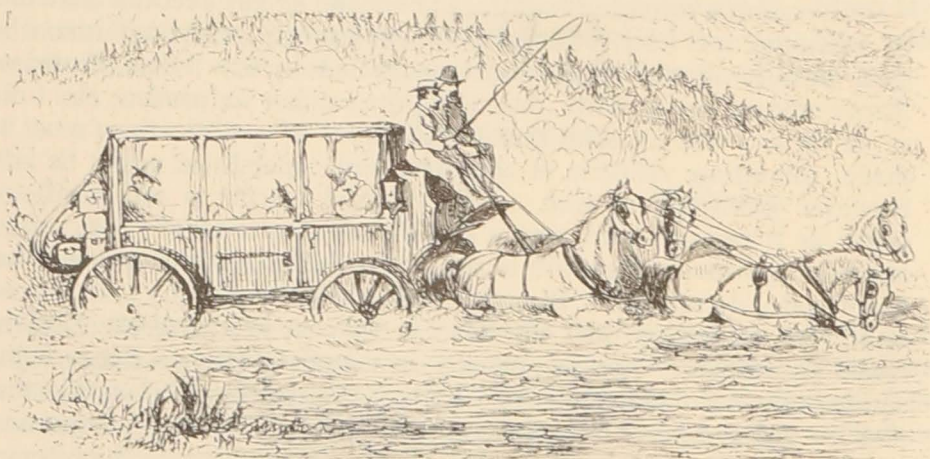
As it regards a suitable associate, I know and keenly feel the difficulty of obtaining one. I do not expect, though strongly desire, a person who shall possess all the requisitions mentioned in my letter. Professor Stowe advised me to write, describing the teacher we needed, etc. I did so, as far as I was capable, that if a discount of qualifications must be made, something valuable in character and capabilities might be left. However gratifying to find, in the desired teacher a self-sacrificing spirit, as it regards taste, and a cheerful renunciation of those refinements of spontaneous growth in the circle she leaves in the home of her childhood, I do not suffer the expectation to enter into my calculations at all, but expect to bear the burden *alone* as it regards meeting the bleak atmosphere of society, placing my associate where she may enjoy comparative ease and quiet, in finishing the course of education that shall be pursued here. I cannot hope to find that force and determination of character and fixed purpose in action so necessary in the primary department, united with the accomplishments where the tendencies are to refine, soften and elevate, rather than to give strength though we do expect true dignity of character in an accomplished woman. As ever yours in Christ.

S. Sawyer

N.B. One after another in this vicinity have been proposed as associates or assistants—I must have skillful and permanent help or remain unaided. Perhaps the hoped for associate will not be found until Spring—then she could come here with Mr. Sutton when he returns with the Spring supplies. Mr. S. is reputed rich and promises influence and funds rather than we should fail. I cannot express the gratitude I feel, dear friend, and - - - for your prompt interest in our cause. May blessings descend on your house for all your judicious and kind aid.

The rich merchant Sutton referred to by Sophia was probably James Sutton whose 150 foot long storehouse stood at the corner of East St. and the square. Merchants in those days bought goods once a year in a trip east that usually took weeks to accomplish. Sutton sold out to William McIlroy in 1855. Hopes of her new assistant being able to make the journey with Mr. Sutton did not bear fruit and in her next letter the anxious Miss Sawyer gives directions to Miss Ann James on how to find Fayetteville

Fem. Sem. Fayetteville
Oct. 8th 1846



Rev. D. Greene

Dear Sir,

I write that you may know the best route here at this season, that no vexatious delays may ensue from low water. The best and most expeditious one will be first by St. Louis, Mo. Then take the stage and come via Jefferson City and Springfield to Fayetteville. The stage fare from St. Louis to Fayetteville, Ark. 15.00. It will require only about 6 days to come here from St. Louis. The stages are very good.

My school is crowded and the excitement of the prospect of a new teacher is such that I fear it will waste itself in building castles in the air. It is one thing to have a teacher and pupils and another to form characters and polish the rough materials of our schools. My reply now is, at the inquiry "When will she be here?" Perhaps she is now in her

grave — not to have the Piano and the *indispensible* apparatus purchased and sent out—that Miss James shall be able to go forward. Let Mr. and Mrs. (F?) select as Miss Tuttle proposed.

My health is sustaining great effort now, but the winter will test my constitution and while I have made every provision in my power to live the coming season, I am also making arrangements for *death*, such is this severe and changing climate on my temperament. O for the mild breezes of Cuba.

As ever yours

S. Sawyer

Mr. Sutton will be responsible for any contract made for piano apparatus, etc. Still I must finally be responsible therefore, wish to make cautious purchases. Mr. Walker, who gave the ground on which the present building stands, offers to give the adjoining lot and proposes to have me build—assumes all responsibility looking to patronage to sustain me. I will not leave present duty for failure - - - , Mr Walker says a house will be on the ground before Spring—if so he will place it there. I can never again superintend a building and deal in lumber with workmen.

Miss James, however, shall have a house for instruction away from the bustle and noise of the primary school if we leave this and hire one less suited to our convenience. This is written in great haste—the beginning copied by one of our pupils—you must think for us—crowding interests and labors overwhelm me.

S. Sawyer

Note: "Where is Miss James, the object of our prayers, hopes and expectations?" cries Miss Sawyer in her next letter to Greene.

Female Sem. Fayetteville, Dec. 20th 1846

Rev. David Greene

Our Friend,

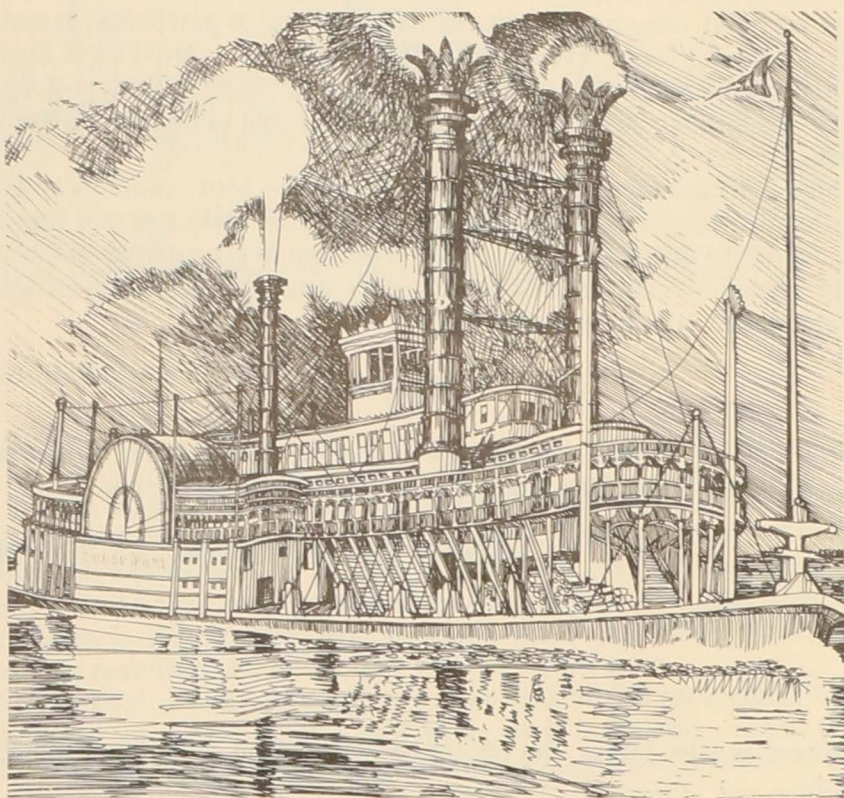
Where is Miss James, the object of our prayers, hopes and expectations?

Not long since I received by mail the Boston Recorder containing a report of "The Ladies Soc., etc. in which Fayetteville, Ark. was mentioned among many other Western points to which teachers had

been appointed. Oct. 22d was the date of the Recorder though it did not reach us until Dec. 12th. We have received no other communication respecting our teacher since Miss Tuttle's expressions of the selection etc. To that we responded by three letters—not exactly duplicates, but such as we thought would be substitutes should any be intercepted or delayed by the various contingencies attending the Mails in this region.

I have secured a boarding place of reception for Miss James—such as I thought would be most agreeable after passing the rough atmosphere of this country on her way here. Her situation in the family will be pleasant, and bear as near a resemblance to a quiet home in N. E. as can be found in this place. The lady is our friend and we trust the friend of Christ and will do all to make Miss J. happy in her power, and we doubt not will be successful

Parents are waiting and the school partially suspended, until Miss



Ann James spent nearly six weeks getting on and off boats like this on her way from New York to Fayetteville.

J's arrival—that is, parents are waiting to know whether their daughters shall finish their studies here or go somewhere else to learn musick, etc. etc. Many are now on home visits and preparations until Jan. when we hope for our associate—I have held out no prospects but what are found in Miss T . . . 's last letter—not *representing this* but letting all draw their inference from a perusal of the letter. Should there be a failure a reaction in school will follow, the ground perhaps occupied by Catholics. All is in the hands of Infinite Wisdom—Let us do present duty and leave events—"Duty is ours and *care* God's". My health good for me—board myself and a few Misses—have a sweet family and charge. Continue to advise and pray for us. The world is the field, "inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these", etc.

As ever yours.

S. Sawyer

Sophia included in her letter a poem by one of her Cherokee students entitled "The Slave Trade". We exclude it here for lack of space.

Miss Sawyer couldn't know it but Miss James was on her way. The 33 year old little spinster departed from New York on December 12, 1846—not overland by way of St. Louis as Miss Sawyer had suggested, but by ship out of New York to New Orleans and thence up the Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers to a point just below Van Buren where her steamboat ran aground. It was a jolting farm wagon journey to Van Buren which she reached on February 4, 1847. It was a week's wait for the stage, but finally two months after leaving New York, she began the last fifty miles of her journey to Fayetteville, a village of just 600 souls on the edge of wild Indian territory. This is as Miss James wrote about the trip:

The next Saturday evening just before sunset I took my seat in the stage with a Miss DuVall. I learned from her that they had been taking care of stage passengers, but that they were going to move the next day to a place on White river which they named DuValls Bluff. Just at dark we rode through the far-famed Lee creek, the bed of which, where it cross the road, is barely two inches wider than the distance between the wheels of the stage. It took a skillful driver to prevent the stage from going over a frightful precipice into the main bed of the creek, where many lives had been lost. The driver hustled up to the side which was skirted by a mountain wall, and said to me, "Bear up on this side, 'mum'." which direction I promptly followed for dear life. Safely through, I breathed freely once again. Soon the driver began a description of our stopping, saying, "If he had to stop at that place long they would have to get another driver, sure."

He was a very rough looking man, and I thought, well, if you can't stand it, what sort of a place must it be? He said, "Though I reckon we'll get a cup of coffee for supper, for I've brought a pound from Van Buren." He spoke as if that was an unusual treat, and so we did have a cup of coffee and some nice fresh venison. But, oh! How shall I describe the arrangements for the night? While I was wondering where I would sleep, for I saw no signs of private rooms, the mother said to her daughter: "Sall, take that child up, I expect the lady would like to lay down." That took me somewhat by surprise, for there were in the room father, mother, a number of children, and I don't know how many negro men and women, but the floor was covered with them, for they all slept in the room. It was a bitter, frosty night, and a tremendous large open log room, without any ceiling even overhead, but a huge fireplace was fairly filled with burning logs and blazing pine knots which had performed their office well in painting every part of the room, even the rafters with a decided ebony shade, even the beds themselves had caught their share of that sombre hue. I heard the stage would start about midnight, so I just laid down in my traveling dress on the edge of the bed, but soon sister Sall came to share the bed socially with me, so as the man who took the chief seat at the feast had to be asked to yield it up to a more honorable guest, so I had to give place to another and take a position where a very large augur hole had once held a peg that supported a shelf and through which a strong current of cold air passed to my face without meeting any resistance from the rarefied air within. Why did I not stuff my handkerchief in the augur hole? Ten years later I would have thought of that, but I did not then. Of course I did not sleep; the thought that I had to start alone at midnight with a new driver produced a feeling not of dread—for I felt that my Heavenly Father would protect me from harm—but of utter loneliness. At the sound of the stage horn I took my seat all alone, and when after driving a short time the driver stopped his horses in what looked to me like thick woods and said that he would have to go into that cabin and warm his hands, for they were frostbitten and very painful, I thought, oh! if mother could see me sitting in that stage alone, listening to the wolves howling, the dogs barking and the rattling of the chains by the restless horses, how would she feel? But in mercy that was all kept from her; she never knew it. That night was the worst of all my journey. But by sunrise we began to see signs of more refinement. We halted at Evansville for breakfast, and when Mrs. Evans found where I had stayed, she offered me a private room where I could bathe and refresh myself before breakfast; of course I was thankful to accept it, and felt much refreshed. After a good breakfast and a pleasant chat with Mrs. Evans, who was a patroness of the Ozark Male Institute (owned and conducted by Robert Mecklin, Esq. a scholarly and Christian gentleman from Alabama), located three miles from Fayetteville, we started again to pursue our journey over the Boston mountain, one knoll of which was twenty miles across. As we neared Fayetteville more and more refinement was visible, yet we were near the line of the Indian Nation where a deadly party strife was raging and murders were perpetrated on one side of the line or the other continually. Only a week before a nice young man, Mr. Campbell, had been killed by mistake, and when near sunset we passed the place, the driver

pointed his whip and said, "Right there is where they killed Campbell last week." That did not produce a very agreeable impression of the vicinity of my new home, but then I was to be a Missionary teacher to the daughters of some of these very men. And fine noble men some of them were. I have slept as securely under their roof as in the home of the white man. They were just carrying out their national policy of retaliation, but the Gospel has done much for them as well as for us. I trust many of the daughters took home a hallowed influence from Fayetteville, for while there they witnessed the lives of many of the loveliest Christian women I have ever known—among them I must mention Mesdames Stirman, Pollard, Quarles, Stone, Leeper, Washington, Dean, Davis, and many others whose names I cannot now recall, but whom I hope to meet in the better land.

Just at the entrance of Fayetteville was the residence of Colonel Sneed, who was a great hunter and connoisseur of fine horses and hounds, and as they had all broken out of their enclosure and were showing their appreciation of freedom by their boisterous antics, the driver thought it a better part of valor to drive to a safe place, out of their way until they were recaptured and consigned to their own lots, which was quickly done. In the meantime I had an opportunity of taking in the beautiful scenery, for as the sun was just setting behind the mountains, it was gilding them with a vivid purple that was truly enchanting.

The stage horn had been blown at short intervals during the last half-hour, so Miss Sawyer had ample time to place the scholars on each side of the long walk leading from the school house to the gate, that they might be ready to welcome me. As soon as the stage stopped, they paired off two and two and came to the stage door to take a peep at their new teacher, if not to speak to her—many were too shy for that, but they knew what Miss Sawyer wished them to do, and they did it, as her scholars were wont to do. That done, she said, "Now girls go in and get ready for church. If we live we shall see enough of Miss James." I said "Am I not going to stay here?" "O, no," she said, "I have a more pleasant home for you than this," and taking a seat by me in the stage, she said to the driver, "Now take us to Mr. Stirman's house." "No, mam." "No, why not?" "Postoffice first, mam." "Oh yes, we must obey law, that is right." And to the postoffice we went.

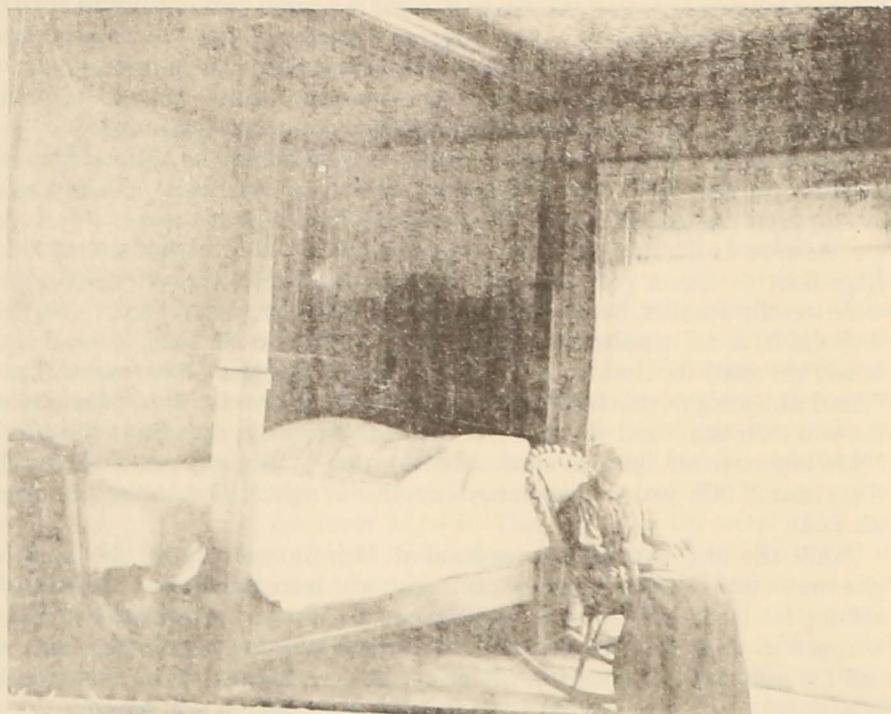
While the mail bags were being handled, Miss Sawyer thought she ought to give me an introduction to several gentlemen who were standing on the sidewalk waiting for their mail, but as I had been two months on the trip and was snugly wrapped in cloak, bonnet, veil and furs, I shrank back from scrutinizing glances, and the gentlemen seeming to understand the case, did not advance but merely bowed, for which they had my sincere thanks, as I found they deserved.

As we drove off I saw a broad smile on their faces, for which when better acquainted, they apologized saying it was caused by Miss Sawyer placing S at the beginning of Mr. Quarles' name when she introduced him, which, he told me, she would always persist in doing. I presume he had never taken the liberty of correcting her, and she did not always attach importance to trifles.

We soon arrived at Mr. Stirman's pleasant home, the very outside of which convinced you that comfort reigned within, which was indeed the case, for Mrs.

Stirman was a sweet spirited Kentucky lady, who knew exactly how to make everyone in her house happy and comfortable, and she spared no pains to do so.

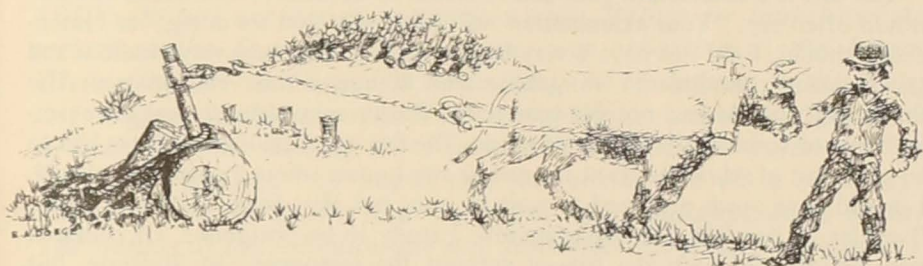
We were soon seated at a table loaded with delicious, well prepared food. As it was near church time Miss Sawyer made a hasty meal and went to the seminary to take the scholars to church. Mr. Stirman quizzed me a little, but Mrs. Stirman in her own sweet way, excused me to retire early, for which I was truly grateful, and, oh, what a contrast was her clean, soft, comfortable bed to the one I shared with "Miss Sall" the night before, and the sweet, pretty carpeted room to the open, blackened cabin with its floor covered with the "Bro.'s and sisters in black." Well may balmy sleep be called nature's sweet restorer, for in the morning I awoke refreshed and was soon summoned to a delicious breakfast. And here I must speak a word of praise of good trusty Aunt Jane. I had never been used to keep whatever was valuable under lock and key—as I have learned to do since—but I lost nothing while in the house with Aunt Jane.



Ann James slept in this bed. At least it seems likely. This is Mrs. Kate Stirman in her 90's sitting beside her feather bed. The bed, as she told a reporter in the 20's, had been brought west from Kentucky when she and her family migrated to Fayetteville in the 1830's. This was the Mrs. Stirman who put Ann James up on her first night in Fayetteville on February 4, 1847 and who was her friend and protector for many years afterwards.

Miss Sawyer had told me on Sunday evening that she knew I must be travel-worn and tired, and that she should not wish me to school for a week, or until I was thoroughly rested, but bright and early Monday morning she sent for me to talk about the prospects of the school, and requested me to write a number of letters to different points, to tell the patrons of the school that I had come, and what I proposed to teach, etc. As I was wholly unacquainted with the Indian character, or indeed with any of the patrons, it was as trying a task as could have been given me. However, I did the best I could and was employed nearly the whole week that way. Teaching in the school-room would have been a much easier task to me, but Miss Sawyer thought that the most necessary.

In the mean time she selected from among the scholars the girls she thought ready for me. She was exceedingly visionary, and had gotten the merchants to bring on books—in mathematics for instance—fit for advanced college students. She thought she had laid such a good foundation that it would be easy to build a brilliant structure on it in a short time. She had never gone beyond the primary studies herself, and was a very incompetent judge of the progress the girls could reasonably be expected to make. Had I not been apprised of her spasmodic temperament before I left home I would have been utterly confounded, but a member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions had said he could not allow Dr. Dyer's sister-in-law to go to labor with Miss Sawyer without letting her know some of her eccentricities. He knew her well, for he had to move her from one Mission station to another to avoid accepting the resignation of older and well-tried Missionaries, for wherever she was she expected to be the controlling spirit. I found her exactly as I had been informed—one day full of hope and perfectly delighted with the signs of progress of the pupils, and perhaps the very next day perfectly disconsolate about the school, thinking nobody was doing their duty. At such times she would send for one of her advisors—she did not have many. They were Judge Walker, a man of sterling ability, her physician Dr. Pollard, and Colonel Leeper; they were all, the two latter especially, men of refinement and would listen to her complaints, but at the same time thought, and some of them suggested, that we establish a school independent of Miss Sawyer. That I would not listen to, for she had done a great deal for Fayetteville,



The land donated by David Walker to Miss Sawyer for her seminary lay at the corner of West Mountain and the highway leading west. This was one of the ways the land was cleared so the school could be built. Once finished, it lent its name to the street where it cornered.

and for me who had come to help her, to undertake to supplant her was not to be thought of, and even if I had been disposed to do so, I had not the means; for not wanting to make a gain of my services, I had asked a mere pittance—just what I thought would cover my necessary expenses, but being ignorant of the difference in North and South of the cost of wearing apparel, I should have been greatly inconvenienced had not my sister sent me from time to time materials for dresses, bonnets, shawls, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc., especially as I had to pass through a very severe process of acclimating which confined me to my room for months, brought on in part, no doubt, from over-taxation, during which time Miss Sawyer left me to bear all my own expenses, and did not once inquire if I needed any money, although I had only asked her for \$50, while I had earned for her at least \$1,000, (she did not charge me board until I got sick.)

Judge Walker had fitted me up a school-room detached from the main building, a small part of which was partitioned off, where I slept, for the nice home of Mr. Stirman's was only temporary, and, now, whether to avoid the expense of boarding me, or trouble of nursing me, perhaps both, she had me moved to one of the boarding houses where, fortunately, there were two grown-up daughters who did all they could to make me comfortable. Indeed they did too much, and good, kind Dr. Pollard said, "Miss James, you will not get well here. They feed you too high. Wife and I want you to come to our house, where we think you will get well, if you will consent to take your meals in your room, and such as I shall prescribe. We want you to get well; we want you in the school, Oh, so much."

I need hardly say I accepted his kind offer thankfully. I went, and did improve, after staying there several weeks. Soon after my return to the boarding house, I paid every cent I had for board, and could only ask my Heavenly Father to undertake for me, for I was not yet well enough to go in school.

That very day Mrs. Crockett asked me if I could sit up one hour a day and give her daughters lessons in drawing and take pay in my board. Who shall dare say that my Father did not tell her to do it? He did. It was irksome at first, but the ladies were kind and considerate, and it took my thoughts off myself and helped me in every way.

But this is a desertation (sic) and to return to the school-room, Miss Sawyer would often say, "Your examination will show what you are doing," as I intended it should, I did not have a very large class, but they were very studious and gained many compliments from those who witnessed their examination. The first piano ordered had not yet crossed the Boston mountain, so that the examination had to be in the theory of music. The few practical lessons I gave had to be given out of school hours at the one or two houses where a piano was owned. I should have much preferred to wait for one, but Miss Sawyer was too good a financier to be willing for so expensive a study to be postponed. Of course it was difficult to teach the theory without the instrument to illustrate, but creditable to both teacher and pupils. We had, I thought, some very competent judges. There were present Mr. Carlton, the teacher of the male school of Fayetteville, Dr. Pollard, a man of good judgment and conscientious regard for the substantial improvement of the young people, Mr. Robert Mecklin, principal

of the Ozark Institute, a man beloved and respected far and near for his moral and intellectual worth; and several others whose names were as talismen (sic) in the community (but whose names are now registered on high) were present, and all agreed that the new department had done well, very well for the time. Miss Sawyer was in her happiest mood when the examination was over, yet she could not repress, altogether, a little jealous feeling she had at my growing popularity, and would say, "Yes, you must increase, but I must decrease".

Ann had been warned by her brother-in-law about Sophia being shunted around from pillar to post by the American Missionary Society because of her inability to get along with folks at the various missions to which she was assigned. It was probably small comfort to Ann James to know she was not the first to be the target of Sophia Sawyer's waspish ways; but though she was to suffer time and again from the sharp edges of the Sawyer disposition, Ann shrank back from immediately accepting the suggestions that she break away from the stern headmistress and set up another school. And many years later in her autobiography Ann did not hesitate to give full credit to Sophia Sawyer for her skills and influence in creating Fayetteville's educational atmosphere. Wrote Miss James in 1897:

Miss Sawyer taught a primary school for years and taught thoroughly, for she was not a woman to leave any work she undertook half done. She created an educational interest, to which the locating of the Industrial University there is largely indebted . . . I have been surprised to find that the students who attend the Fayetteville University do not hear her name mentioned. But her record is high. She was a woman of indomitable energy and perseverance. She could do the work of three.

While the healing mists of time may have softened Ann's attitude toward her old mentor, their relationship as recorded in the letters of the 1840's do not express so sanguine a tone. Within six months of Ann's arrival at the Seminary Miss Sawyer was reporting to the Reverend Greene that her assistant left some things to be desired. In this letter of late August Sophia also starts her campaign to acquire a "gentleman" to assist her in running the Fayetteville school. She refers to "transcribing an apology" to pupils and patrons at the close of the spring term in which she speaks of a "rebellion" that had apparently occurred. The details of the rebellion are not described but it may have been connected with the efforts by some school patrons to have Ann James set up a separate school. Miss Sawyer's comments about Ann's capabilities would suggest that the stern headmistress was perhaps lashing back at this suspected mutiny by her new teacher. First, the letter to Reverend Greene:

Female Seminary, Fayetteville, August 20th 1847

Rev. David Greene
Mission House, Boston

Our Friend, Dear Sir

You would have heard from us many times ere this, had I known what and how to communicate.

Please say to our friends who selected and purchased the pianoforte, that it has been received without injury and pronounced by a skillful German player to be a fine-toned instrument. Miss James is now on a visit to the Nation during vacation. She is well received among the lower class of the community, and kindly by all, though I do not think she answers the expectation Miss Tuttle's letter awakened. She failed in the performance on the Piano—we hope, however, she will be able to gain and give the practice to others. I am disappointed in her mind—she does not possess intellectual perception or the power to communicate when she does perceive in a degree sufficient to interest and instruct. She may be highly useful, however, in Musick, drawing, painting, etc. as she has *industry and perseverance*. I thank you sincerely for all your exhortations respecting my treatment of her. They were all necessary. The circumstances and responsibilities of the school have been such, however, that where and when she failed to cooperate I have tried to sustain the burden alone, leaving the musick to her call if it disturbed all the primary classes. I cannot give a better idea of our school than by transcribing my apology at the close of our term and the subsequent letter to a gentleman to come to our aid. Should I fail to obtain one, please have your eye for someone with a wife, who is willing to make sacrifices in the cause of Western Literature and with humility to do it without appearing to have come for the purpose. Let the West feel they are able to help themselves, as they truly are if united and led in a proper way—the field is open. May it be occupied by talent and piety. Let not the East think we are semi-savage though comparatively ignorant as a community.

Thereupon follows the transcribed "apology" mailed to friends and pupils referring enigmatically to the "rebellion" and other matters of importance to the affairs of the Fayetteville Female Seminary.

Female Seminary, Fayetteville, July 28th 1847

More than 1800 years ago it was related by our Saviour, of a woman that she had done what she could and directed to be told as a memorial of her where the light of Divine truth should be communicated. Could I feel that I deserved this commendation in its highest significance it were far more gratifying than the approbation of my patrons or even of my personal friends, however dear their good opinion may be to me. Notwithstanding, to feel that I have done what I could so far as bodily strength is concerned has consoled amidst all the obliquity (sic) which has been poured upon me with such an unsparing hand by my adversaries; and that unmeasured censure that has reached us from quarters where we had a right to expect the sustaining and cooperating influence so indispensable to sustain in all its details a school of such complicated character as the one before you. *Hence the rebellion.* Circumstances which I foresaw but could not control, placed in my hands labors that I have not been able to perform and responsibilities which I have been unable to sustain. By the advice and cooperation of our friends, we have brought to our aid a Lady qualified to teach successfully musick, drawing, painting and all the details of the needle in every variety of plain and ornamental work—one whose unblemished character, and pure morals make her a sage guide for the young, and as we hope, will be a pattern of good works for all. I have been advised by friends, especially my medical friends, to relinquish my labors, at least a part of them, and transfer responsibilities into the hands of a gentleman. In accordance with this advice we have sought and hope to obtain a person capable of meeting the expectations of our patrons and supplying the necessities of the community by a course of judicious and well-directed labors in the higher branches of Eng. and the languages, if necessary, so that parents and guardians may look to these houses and grounds as places where their daughters and wards may receive a thorough and finished education. In order for this, we must have a sufficient number of efficient teachers to meet the wants of each pupil that the love and interest felt in study shall supercede the necessity of rigid discipline in government. Experience has taught me that the use of the rod is seldom necessary in school where the teacher has time and skill to interest each pupil in his or her lesson so that knowledge shall not merely be communicated but the mental faculties shall be brought into vigorous action and receive thorough cultivation. It is our desire, hope and expectation that our next term, or scholastic year, will open with such a supply of teachers, who shall have but one object in their united efforts, viz. to fit each pupil for the greatest possible usefulness and enjoyment both here and forever. Should we be disappointed in our teachers a limited number only will be received that we may do what we profess to do—teach well.

Now, our friends and patrons, it is scarcely necessary to say in con-

clusion after what you have witnessed this day, that the Misses—the older members of this school—have given credit to their parents and gained honor to themselves by their constancy and fidelity to the school and teacher in a time of sickness and revolt

It is you, my young friends and pupils who under God, let me have the justice to acknowledge, have preserved the school in its present order and improvement by sustaining and carrying out the plans and directions of your old broken-down teacher.

Following the inclusion of this letter to patrons and pupils and no doubt after sleeping on what she had written about Ann James, Sophia, the next morning added some discreet hedging to her earlier estimates of Ann.

August 21, inst.

Mr. Greene, do not infer from my estimate of Miss J. that we have any serious trouble. My estimate may be unjust, if so time and opportunity will decide. One thing is certain, I never will in any community, much less in this, opine (?) abilities that I cannot practise, believing I have not a second, or a judge.

N. B. Could a place be found in your vicinity where a girl of ten or twelve years of age could be received for two years and taught domestic economy; and to labor with her own hands and earn her bread in this way—that is, know some how things come—in a word, live away from *slave influence*. All necessary expenses will be discharged by the lady who adopted the orphan. The child is now nearly ten years—in school all her time without being able to learn anything of life as it should be—Let her breathe the air of *freedom* and be entirely removed from the influence of a degraded beastly drunken father and the recollection of a mother whose character shut her out from the sympathy of our sex. Her mother's grave is near this Sem. No haste about the child—it is in reference to the future and following the dealing of providence to save the child and let her find protection in the land of our Pilgrim Fathers.

S. Sawyer

Follows the letter from Miss Sawyer to a Mr. Dinsmore, whom she tried valiantly to convince of the virtue of laboring with scant reward in one of God's vineyards just as she herself had done for oh, so long. Obviously Mr. Dinsmore had made a visit to look over the territory and had probably told her he would "let her know". This was the letter Miss Sophia hoped would be the clincher.

Fayetteville Female Sem. August 17, 1847

Mr. Dinsmore

Dear Sir

After all the writing and consulting of friends, I am induced to satisfy myself, by seeing and expression of your wishes on this subject.

I am urged to this from the necessities of the school, before I am prepared to give you a definite answer to many inquiries you make. These inquiries, however, have increased my confidence in the practicality of our union in the operation of the Seminary. You must, dear sir, risk something if you come to our aid. The bird is in the bush, that is in the hand of our patrons. Had I the capital I would say, come, I will secure to you a generous salary. I now say come, we will yield for your use our houses, our grounds, and join our influence and our labors with yours, and occupy that place in the establishment that we shall judge best after a free verbal consultation. You know, sir, knowledge is power, you will bring that power to act on a community weak and destitute in this respect, containing individuals, however shrewd and unjust with others deserving and generous in appreciation, As to difficulties and trials, think of the "Bush burned and not consumed." I have often thought of it in my eight years labors here and never more than since the accessions to the school by new teachers and pupils.

As it regards collections, you can secure all with promptness and watchful care and retain the confidence and patronage of those from whom you exact payment—every person loves another better with whom he deals justly than one from whom he withholds just payment.

Besides carelessness in collections makes the same in payments, and what is still worse, usually commences in the individual to whom payment is due by some want of energy in their labors. I have collected by law and given offence, but these persons, while angry have borne testimony to fidelity in coming, and as they reluctantly paid their honest debts, have said, "I wish all my money went for so good an object." I did, in my early labors here, teach much without compensation. It was voluntary, however, I might have witholden instruction and in most cases exacted payment. Of late, I have pursued a different policy and successfully too. Hency my ability to call to our aid an Eastern teacher. I have been able to meet payments promptly. The piano and philosophical apparatus excepted. For these, if we are prospered, I shall soon be able to release myself from obligations and obey the injunction "Owe no man anything—provide things honest in the sight of all men."

Mr. Walker, our benefactor, has placed a large and commodious house on the lot adjoining ours; this Miss James occupies. The room nearest us is small and separated from the large one by sliding doors, that can convert the house into one room when necessary. The small

room contains the piano and apparatus where pupils can practice while the school is going forward in the large room. You know our accommodations in the house you saw. The new house is to be heated by a large close stove with a drum. The house is high studded and well ventilated and shaded. Here I wish to see a gentleman handling the apparatus, able to teach the high and difficult branches in English, giving life and soul to his instruction, solving doubt and uncertainties by demonstration. Will you be that solver? Shall I live to see this school go successfully forward in all the departments of female education? At least so far as the school instruction is concerned.

Mr. W. is to receive a low rent for his house - - - tuition. His brick house he also proposes to rent low for a boarding house, if suitable persons can be found to be responsible in that department which, by the way, is by far the most lucrative and not less important and useful than direct labor in school. Should you come and take the boarding house, you would be able to accommodate parents in payment and help yourself. If you fear responsibility in payment of teachers, I am willing to risk partnership, graduating the income by my services and the patronage received until such time as we shall think of some better way. I should be sorry to induce you to leave a more useful and lucrative situation for this place.

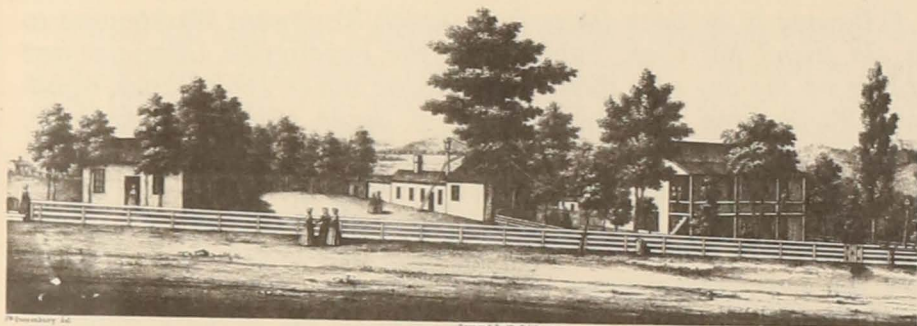
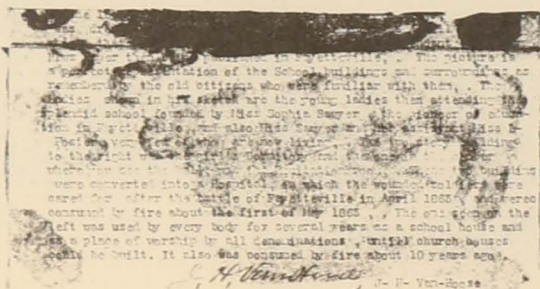
And now if you will, deal kindly and truly tell me, and if not tell me that I may turn to the right or left. That is, choose what course to pursue. N. B. As to unhappiness arising from a connection with me, you can take the opinion of others. Mrs. Dinsmore of course will have a voice in your decision and will be able to tell you much about things here, but after all do not let us "consult too much with flesh and blood." Look up earnestly, seek to know, and do the will of God. I will wait your decision doing present duty, trusting infinite wisdom with this school

As ever gratefully and respectfully yours,

S. Sawyer

It is not known whether, if ever, Mr. Dinsmore joined the faculty of Miss Sawyer's school. So far as Ann may have been concerned at this particular time, she couldn't have cared less, for if we harken back to a sentence tucked away in the second paragraph of Sophia's August letter to the Reverend Greene we find the intriguing news that "Miss James is now on a visit to the Nation during vacation". While Sophia may have felt this revelation worthy of but one line, Ann James didn't take this "visit" quite so lightly. Fifty years later, in fact, when she wrote her autobiography she recalled the trip to the "Nation" quite vividly. In fact, if one were not convinced of the basic Christian goodness of Miss Sawyer, one might wonder if Miss James had not been sent packing to the Indian country to "teach her a lesson". If the young

teacher had, in fact, aided or abetted the mysterious "rebellion" this might have been warning not to do so again. The trip was ordered by Miss Sawyer ostensibly to recruit new Cherokee pupils for the school, but to send a tiny spinstress like Ann James on such a mission seems far fetched, as indeed it seemed to Ann herself. But about that, dear reader, we must await the next chapter in our intriguing series—at which time we will learn the hair raising details of Ann James' proselyting trip to Indian Territory. That's in August FLASHBACK, folks.



FAYETTEVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.

FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

Miss SOPHIA SAWYER, Principal.

The lithograph above, made from an 1852 drawing by William Quesenbury is the property of Mrs. J. I. Keith, a grand niece of Mrs. Mat Skelton Van Hoose, wife of James H. Van Hoose, whose typewritten description of the various Seminary Buildings and their functions was written in 1894. He describes the two story structure as the girls' dormitory and the building with the bell as the recitation room. Both were used as hospitals during the war and were burnt May 1, 1863. Building to the left was used as school-house and church by all denominations following war until new churches were built. By merest coincidence the letter that follows was written to William Quesenbury, artist who drew this picture.

Jeffersonville Democrat.

NO 3

New Advertisements

(ESTABLISHED 1830.)
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Frauds, Systematic Robbery, Depreda-
tions, Conspiracies and Raids on the Go-

PEOPLE OF AMERICA!

humanity calls you to aid the
cause of
CUBAN INDEPENDENCE

To rescue women and children from the hands of murdering savages. To stop a terrible waste of blood. To restore our under a Glorious Republic to the United Isle of Cuba.

It is left to you, individually, to show our sympathy with a people, struggling for Freedom, by taking tickets in this drawing, the proceeds of which will, after a payment of the prize, be devoted to a noble cause.

The cause of Republicanism in the land of Cuba, has been upheld by a body of Patriots poorly armed, for nearly two years, against the whole might and main of commercial Spain. Notwithstanding the disadvantages labored under, the Republic already controls two-thirds of the

The African Coming Man.

Yes, let him have his rest,
Grave Sentinel! arise and greet
 (Brother Herold)
Aye, close by Summer's bow,
With Browning in full view—
 Kindred in life.

He comes, your hall to grace,
With his own-endured face—

Brother Revels,
 E'en tho' black be his hue,
 At your hands he claims his due.

Methinks his color's strong,
 His cheek-roses are red,

Brother Hewie,
I ain't a soul closer by the West,
I ain't a soul closer by the West.

Greening devil.

A Hard Shell Sermon And
Hard Shell Parson.

Of all the rich places of almost
which have ever come under our
view the following is the rarest

My hearers, I shall draw all
burden of my argument from the

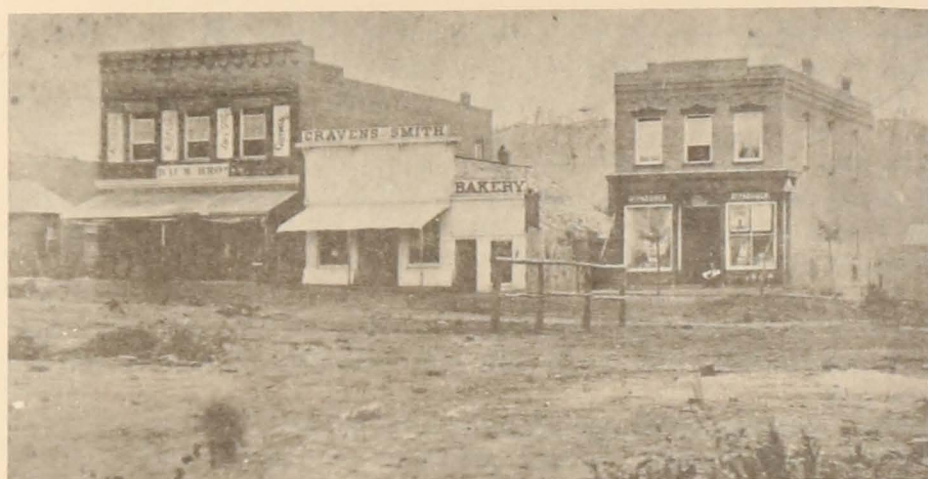
Talk, Hail, & a little bit
To man's blessing and his life.

Never sapire where you can
Or to the airth you'll fall.

said, when the circus company "shoveled out grub and grub without payin' him for grub and grub."

-this world is all a feedin' and
and I also side with the hungry

Following is an open letter from Josiah Woodward Washbourne to his old friend Bill Cush, published in the Fayetteville Democrat and written on the day of a total eclipse of the sun in 1869. Josiah Woodward Washbourne was the husband of Suzan (Ridge) Washbourne, daughter of the murdered Cherokee chieftain, John Ridge (see elsewhere this issue). Bill Cush was the pen-name of ante-bellum Fayetteville newspaperman William Quesenbury, proprietor of one of the town's first newspapers, the *SOUTHWEST INDEPENDENT*. Quesenbury was a racy and vigorous writer, editor, poet, humorist, fiddler and bugle boy in Company F., First Regiment of the Arkansas Mounted Volunteers during the War with Mexico. From there he sent back a vivid story of events on the battlefields. He served a short career in Fayetteville, moving to Texas in 1858 and apparently (according to the reference in the Washbourne letter) established a paper called the *TABLET* somewhere in the Lone Star nation. Washbourne and so many lettered men of his time used the local newspapers as an outlet for their literary pretensions, where their opinions and classically-tinged reflections on matters political and social were highly regarded. This letter indulged that vanity and served to allow readers of the time to bask in the bitter-sweet reminiscences of one old timer fondly recalling delights of the days "before the war". It takes two or three readings and some trips to the dictionary to catch all the classical allusions and references to names and places in the Fayetteville of old. But it is worth the trouble. We have helped out with a few footnotes.



Letter to Bill Cush

Fayetteville, Arks.
August Eclipse Day 1869

Dear Bill:

I have just seen your TABLET. The thought struck me I would write you through a Fayetteville paper. You might be interested in hearing from the old town. Your readers might like to read of whence you once sent forth the Independent; and the people here like to read also of what has passed since Lang Syne.

I came into this ancient bergh to see the eclipse and here in the twilighting of that hour look back upon the dim and shadowy days ago, when we were known of Fayettevillians.

The eclipse was like all other eclipses of the scale, the sun, moon and earth were all the same; but Fayetteville and its artificial surroundings were changed. The green and eternal hills smiled in cloud and sunshine as they did when we used to hunt over them, the waters babbled as then they did—but the echoes of our guns no more startle the jack-snipe nor our hammers break into the heart of limestones. The town is changed. The Federals left it shaven and shorn, tattered and torn. It now begins again to don new aspects. The adjoining hills denuded of their ancient forests are again clothing themselves and already very respectable saplings stud their sides.¹

Tall brick buildings rise, are rising and are about to rise around the Public Square. A great brick house rears its walls where McGarrah's shanty used to refresh the thirsty. From Sutton's old corner down to Alf Wilson's office the street is renewed with finer buildings shining white and wooden.² Opposite, where years and years ago we used to get a sip of soda from Stevenson's Fountain,³ better buildings have taken the place of the Independent office and Dawson's Shop while

lager has driven soda off the counter but the divine afflatus went with Matter's Brick.⁴ It's all matter now neither attic nor Ambrosia.

On the corner where Jackson sold, Paddock has built the finest drug store in the state,⁵ and in his cellar he has a niche for you and Leeper. Next him, Presley Smith,⁶ who quit clerking for the county, with Mr. Cravens, sells all sorts of goods and has entirely eschewed shot-guns and pic-nics. Alongside of him Baum Bro's. have a tall brick; and soon the whole of this street will be in brick.

The Square looks unlike itself. A new, better and taller brick Court House is rising atop which somebody else may put up a sheet-iron eagle at which to shoot with a Maynard rifle.⁷ Hauptman's here to gild the new hall.⁸

The old College buildings are not rebuilt, neither are the Seminaries.⁹ Tebbett's and Graham's houses yet stand, with new owners; but old McGarrah's field will never raise watermelons under his hoe.¹⁰ Dr. Marshall's old house is in the care of our old friend Tom Gunter and is his home.¹¹ Baker and Peer's row looks¹² somewhat like it didn't used to. Clark's house is a perfect picture of himself about the time he got into Matamoras.¹³ Pollard's, Quarles' and all of that ilk wear the same faces, only grayer.¹⁴ The same of Stone's, Rieff's, Hodges, Reagan's and that bent—Stout's Park¹⁵ has vanished and Frazier's place looks like a weather beaten crow in an old scorched pine tree. North's Tread Mill will be trodden no more but the branch runs on merrily as ever; the willows are as graceful and the great wide elm is going to its father's peeled, barked, vandalized. Your place looks like it was in Georgia costume or like young Black Dog with just ten green feathers in his warlock.

Crawford's house is a pile of ashes and my old grounds shorn of foliage are laid off into comic sections. Gregg has built him a large brick mansion and Davenports' as retired as ever.¹⁶ Wilson's buildings were all burned but he has a log cabin where a good man will welcome you. McIlroy's and Gorham's are nearly as of old¹⁷ but Brewer's white mules will never again make you and me laugh, nor him cry. They went the way of all flesh—into Kansas.¹⁸ And the ears we used to salute with our fun as we returned from our hunt, by eve, from Woodruff's pasture will listen no more on earth. But on the mountain above old Johnny Rieff's at the very top, where we have stopped squirrels from barking is now a veritable vineyard, large, rich, well-stocked from whence will wine gladden the hearts of all denizens hereof, and put fortune into its owner's pocket, the first vineyard ever planted in Arkansas and the forerunner of thousands.

The Churches are as yet some of them rebuilt, though poverty only

retards.¹⁹ But the Old Hall still stands, still looks out as of yore, upon as fair a scene as ever smiled beneath the sun, and as serenely as though grim and dastardly War had never darkened, reddened or defiled the land.

The Old Fairgrounds are bounded on one side by a Federal Cemetery and on the other by a Dutch Brewery.²⁰ But these grounds are given up and newer fairer grounds are selected to be beautiful, west from your old house in the northwest corner of Stone's old field where we have shot many a bird.

In short, Fayetteville's a new place; the old, old town where so much to love, to win, to make glad and gay, to cultivate has passed away forever.

A few of the old spirits yet linger, Walker, Davis, Reagan, Young Walker, Wilson, Pettigrew, Stevenson, Trott, Stirman, Pollard, Phillips and a very few more; the meeting with whom makes you believe that the past is not all gone; and in the absence of whom Fayetteville is as utterly strange to you and me as Alaska.

But with this letter you will see that it is printed by old time printers, and that of all the papers and printers of Fayetteville—ante-bellum—the Democrat and the Moore's are only²¹ left here. May you and they prosper like "green bay horses."

Yours,

J. W. W.

(Josiah Woodward Washbourne)

1. Confederate troops during 1861-62 and Federal troops from 1863-1865 ravaged the hardwood forests around Fayetteville to obtain firewood.
2. Sutton's corner was at East and Center Sts. Alf Wilson's law office about where First Federal Savings and Loan is today.
3. Stevenson's Fountain was the drugstore of James Stevenson, M.D., who like most doctors of his time was forced to keep a drugstore to supplement his meager income. He was the first in town to have a soda fountain.
4. Dawson's was a confectioner's shop—the first in Fayetteville, located on the north side of the square. (Afflatus, according to Webster, is to blow on, or a poetic inspiration. The rest of the allusion escapes us. Perhaps one of our more classically inclined readers can enlighten us.)

5. Paddock's drug store stood at the north side of East Mountain St. and the square. The picture attached must have been taken about the time this letter was written for it shows all the buildings described by J. W. W.
6. Presley Smith was Washington County Clerk for years. He married Mary Daniels, co-proprietress of the Fayetteville Female Seminary upon the death of Sophia Sawyer in 1854.
7. According to this, the ante-bellum court house must have had a good old American eagle atop it, at which the town kids took pot shots. Given the pro-Confederate atmosphere existing after the war, any such symbols of Yankee federalism might have had small chance of being installed. Leastwise the pictures we have seen of the old court house in the center of the square suggest no sheet iron eagles astraddle the court house dome.
8. Charles S. Hauptman was a painter who "gilded" everything important in the village both before and after the war, including the Tebbets House, Robert Graham's house across the street on the campus of Ozark College, Lafayette Gregg's house and Old Main.
9. The old College buildings would have been the Ozark College building where the First Christian Church now stands, the Van Horn Female Seminary cater-corner across College where the Methodist Church now stands and The Fayetteville Female Seminary on West Mountain St. — all victims of the War.
10. Old McGarrah's fields were extensive, since he was one of the town's earliest settlers. They lay north and east of the Headquarters House and all the way back to Mission St.
11. Dr. A. J. Marshall was a Methodist Minister who lived on Mission St. between Maple and Gunter Sts. Dr. Marshall married Ann James, teacher at the Fayetteville Female Seminary in 1849. Thomas Gunter was a genuine hell-for-leather Civil War cavalry hero after which said street is named. He occupied the home after the war and for years visiting circuses camped on his lands nearby. The house still stands and in 1974 is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Eagle.

12. Baker and Peers were builders. Baker built both Headquarters House and Robert Graham's house, a matching dwelling opposite it across Dickson St. They built so many other houses along here, it was called their row.
13. D. M. Clark was an officer in the Mexican War in which many Arkansans engaged. The reference is to Matamoros, Mexico, assaulted by these forces.
14. Reference is to the Pollard and Quarles houses, opposite each other on Meadow Street. Quarles House was a boarding hotel.
15. Stout's Park was the residence of Wm. C. Stout, early Episcopalian Preacher.
16. Crawford's House stood where the SW Electric Generating Plant now stands near the Frisco RR Tracks. Quesenbury's home was on South Duncan. The gate-post at Lafayette Gregg's house, still standing, bears the date 1871. That was the date it was completely finished. It was begun in 1867. Washbourne's house was taken from him by Federal authorities following the war because of his Confederate sympathies. This home stood where the Uark Bowl and the shopping center now stand.
17. McIlroy's store on "Sutton's corner" was burnt during the war. He rebuilt and continued a merchandising and banking business.
18. Hardly a horse or mule was left in NW Arkansas at war's end. All had been confiscated—first by Confederate and finally by Federal troops.
19. The "Old Hall" was the Masonic Hall on south Block St., home of the oldest Masonic Lodge west of the Mississippi. When the Masons moved out, it served for years as a veterinarian hospital, and when the vet died in the 1950's the building too expired, beneath the wrecker hammers.
20. First we knew that Fayetteville once had a brewery. (Steven K.) Stone's old field included land now occupied by Fayetteville High School and stretched west to what became the Fairgrounds which have since given way to yet another Fair center.
21. The Weekly Fayetteville Democrat ceased publication during the war but was revived by the founder's sons.

OUR READERS WRITE

Richard C. Bentley, formerly of Farmington, writes: "Sure enjoyed the November 1973 issue. Brought back a few memories. I prefer the present size of the quarterly." He adds, "The Tharp hill on the old Farmington road was the most dreaded stretch of road between Farmington and Fayetteville, both for buggies and cars. A nickname for Farmington was JUGTOWN—when large quantities of whiskey were shipped from Farmington to Fayetteville on the old Frisco. Back in the old days, the fields east of Prairie Grove battlefield were good places to find bullets, cannon balls, etc. exposed after hard rains."

Ardys M. Crapo (Phelan Family History) writes: "Thank you for a wonderful year of FLASHBACKS, am looking forward to 1974. Each year seems to surpass the past one. Thanks!"

Several readers wrote complaining that they had not received the February issue of FLASHBACK. Hopefully, they got them around the first of April! Ye Editor apologizes, but lays the blame at the printers' door. We'll try not to let it happen again.

John W. Skelton, Colonel, USAF (Ret.), Lotos Lakes, Brightwood, Virginia 22715: "For wider distribution and use of my genealogy book, JOHN SKELTON OF GEORGIA, I am offering a gift copy to you. Your organization was selected because Skelton and allied descendants have formerly and do presently reside in your area. As you know, there is a growing interest in genealogy. The data contained in my book, the format, and the index make it a valuable source of material for both professional and beginning genealogists. My book also provides the required sources of legal proof for membership in several historical and patriotic societies." The Washington County Historical Society is deeply indebted to Col. Skelton for his fine gift. The book is beautifully done and will remain in our library as a reference work on the Skeltons and related families.

CORRECTIONS

The name of Millard G. Durham was incorrectly given as Willard Durham in the list of subscribers in the November 1973 issue.

Jack Vaughan, Vaughan Oil Company, P. O. Box 1330, Muskogee, Oklahoma 74401 writes: "Refer to Volume 23, November 1973, Number 4, page 6, 2nd row: One name is missing. Believe 3rd from left is

Andrew Jackson Vaughan." Can anyone verify this?

Ruth Holt Payne, Box 511, Lincoln, Arkansas 72744 says: "Mrs. Thornton compiled an interesting article on folklore which includes legends, customs and traditions but, historically speaking, it contains so many errors I feel I should make some corrections and I am sorry to have neglected this when it came out in November. Researchers on history could be misled.

"I grew up in Rhea and wrote a well-documented history of it for FLASHBACK a few years ago. She states that John Rhea who owned a gristmill was responsible for the name. There was no John Rhea associated with the founding of Rhea or ever one lived there to my knowledge. After the area was made available to whites for settlement by a treaty with the Indians in 1828, some settlers began to trickle in and someone put up a gristmill. The place was first called Valley Steam Mills.

"W. H. Rhea and family came there in 1848 and he established a store. In 1858 the abstract to the old Rhea estate says he purchased a mill from B. E. Woodruff and J. P. Kellam. Mr. Rhea ran this mill until the Civil War interrupted when he joined the Confederacy. On his return he resumed operation of the mill and (possibly) ran it until his death in 1884.

"When my family moved there in 1907 the mill had long been in disuse and was rotting away. It was never used again and fell by portions through the years. Mrs. Thornton states that the mill still stands and has had modern machinery installed. Several years ago it was removed down to the foundation and before that its tall chimney was removed stone by stone to Battlefield Park where it stands today. I wonder what mill she has in mind. She must have been confused about the right one.

"Now to my other home town, Lincoln. Mrs. Thornton states that the settlers were all Republicans and it was at their urging that it was named for "Honest Abe." My co-author, Mrs. Burlene Hilton, a well-known historian, and I wrote the history of Lincoln a few years ago, also well documented. A number of families came to the area in 1829, including our ancestry. They were mostly from the south and not all Republicans. They called the place simply Beaty Mountain after a prominent family there. A post office was established in Mr. Beaty's home called Mt. Hayes, with his wife as postmaster.

"As the years passed, the children of these first families, plus others, began to move southward to merge with other arrivals and to become the town of Lincoln. The embryo town consisted first of a log school house called Black Jack. A Mr. Lilburn Carter came from Kansas and established the first store. Other settlers came from various states, among

them James Starr from Illinois after whom the township was named, Starr Hill. Lincoln was called Starr Hill for years by many, even after the new name was made official.

"Mr. Carter acquired a post office in his store and an attempt to call the place Georgetown was made but there was already a Georgetown in Arkansas and it failed. We acquired the story of how the town was named from Mr. Carter's daughter, Mrs. Eva Burns. A box of goods was delivered to his store marked with the name Lincoln, which gave him the idea. He had worked hard to get the post office, riding over the country to consult men of enterprise but his difficulties were not over then for he had a hard time getting the name accepted. This area was populated by both northern and southern sympathizers and they hadn't forgotten the Civil War. Some men in Cane Hill sent him word they were coming to shoot down the picture of Mr. Lincoln that hung on his wall.

"He sent back word to come ahead but they would have to shoot him first. They never came. These men were not Republicans. The name Lincoln was made official in 1885."

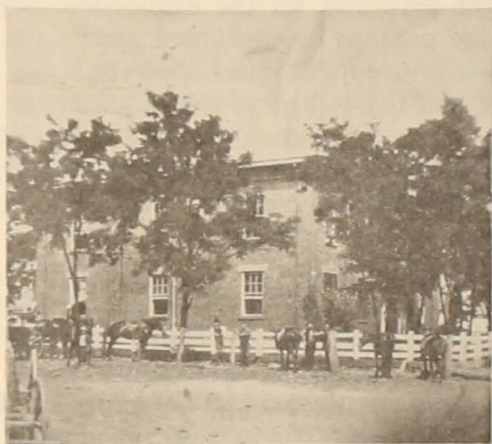
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No.		Price
10	The Mecklin Letters	\$1.00
15	Session Minutes, Cane Hill	1.00
16	Salem Congregation, Boonsboro	1.00
19	Journals of J. L. Dickson	1.00
22	Greer Family	1.00
	Walter Wilson Family	1.00
36	William Wilson Records	2.00
39	Bench & Bar of Washington County	1.00
45	Walker Family Album	3.00
47	Winslow Methodists - 60 Years	1.00
51	Sater-Dyer-McCulloch Genealogy	1.00
52	Marriage Records 1870-1880 (Carter)	4.00
60	Marriage Records 1880-1890 (McConnell)	5.00
53	National Guard in World War II	1.00
54	Elm Springs Methodist Church (Rothrock)	1.25
55	We Passed This Way	2.00
56	Methodists in Fayetteville (Carter)	2.50
57	Seven-Year Index to FLASHBACK (1963-70)	2.50
59	Memoirs of H. E. Buchanan	1.50

OLD CIRCUIT COURT

The Honorable James H. Berry convened the January 1880 term of the Circuit Court in Washington County, Arkansas. Judge Berry was a very popular person in Northwest Arkansas, and was soon to be the Governor, and later, United States Senator.

Seated on his Grand Jury were citizens H. F. Hartley, Riley Graham, Howell Hodges, Robert Kimbrough, Armstrong Hendrix, Daniel B. Mason, Frank F. Curtis, W. E. Shanks, Thomas Greer and Robert Parks. Reding Putman, as a school director, and Francis Dyer, a road overseer, were excused from this service.



Two views: From the NE corner of Fayetteville square showing hitching rack and hanger-oners from whom juries were oft drawn. And view from this corner of Court House grounds on sale day in 80's. Tiny saplings and absence of band stand in NE corner of Court House grounds indicate photo taken in early 80's.



Others serving were P. M. Owenby, B. F. Walker, Robert Greathouse, Burt Neal, and W. J. Wasson. B. F. Walker was appointed foreman. Some were not served by the Sheriff and did not report for the term. They included William Lott, Joseph Wasson and Zadrick Winn and Wiley Jones.

The petit jury, or trial jury, included the names of J. C. Stockburger, W. H. Eidson, George Gibson, Nathan Combs, M. A. Stockburger, Gib Hendrix, M. C. Bryant, Vance Hanna, John Lichlyter, Stant Crawford, William Joice, J. E. Dunlap, Calvin Hutchens, J. F. Hood, William Holcomb, J. M. Wilson, T. A. Reynolds, N. R. Norther, John Billingsley, Henry Cates, Frank Wilhoit, and John T. Appleby.

On the first day of the term the Court usually called the entire docket, using the criminal docket first, and set the cases for a day certain during the term. Some may perhaps be continued until a succeeding term, a procedure which the attorneys always hoped for.

All defendants, their witnesses, and the attorneys with business before the court were supposed to be there on opening day, and failure of some defendants and witnesses to come resulted in an attachment being issued for their apprehension and detention. Criminal cases held the first attention of the court and received early settings.

The State of Arkansas held indictments against J. C. Dickerson, whose witnesses were ordered attached and put under bond. So were the witnesses for J. C. Brown and William Webb. These were misdemeanor cases, but the witnesses were supposed to be there.

W. S. Hanna was charged with a murder, which had been continued from another term, and was set for trial on Monday of the second week.

Robert Pearson obtained a nolle prosequere on his misdemeanor charges, and hearing for William Pearson was set for Friday of the first week. W. E. Nix pleaded guilty to some violations and received a fine of \$10.

Cotton Thomas and Joseph Hoge were fined \$20 and \$25, and Elisha Cloer wanted a jury trial. They set him down for \$25. Charles Hutchinson and James Brown suffered like penalties.

William McIlroy had filed a civil action against S. M. Stockhard, G. W. Sanders, C. W. Walker and Isaac Carnahan. It got an early setting at the term. E. J. Rhodes also had a suit against Eugene Fisher.

The criminal court for this term was enlivened by the numerous charges of wearing weapons. This did not mean that the young men of the neighborhood wrapped a heavy gun belt and holster around their body and tied down to the leg, as did the western cowboys. It meant simply that the guy had a \$2 pistol and slipped it under his shirt before going to the party or the picnic. Somebody discovered it and reported it to the grand jury at its next sitting.



MARRIAGES IN 1884



P. B. Adair, 26 and Miss Alice Harmon, 18 of Maguires Store area were married by Justice of the Peace John A. Neill, on March 13th.

E. L. Adams, age 30 and Mrs. Mildred Boothe, same age, went to Justice D. E. Jackson, who married the Brentwood couple on April 11th.

Prairie Grove resident M. B. Appleby, 25, married Miss Kate Hargus, age 16, of Strickler, on October 19th, 1884, with the Rev. R. M. Wood officiating.

Louis E. Archias, 24 and Miss Mattie Dumas, 18 of Fayetteville, went to the Priest, James J. Vaulx for their April 8th wedding ceremony.

William Penn, a Minister of the Gospel, performed the ceremony for M. C. Bailey, 27 and Miss Hannah M. Adkins, 22 of the Huntsville area, on March 12, 1884.

On February 19, 1884, Mr. Penn joined a Fayetteville couple in the bonds of holy matrimony. They were J. B. Baker, age 19 and Miss Mollie McClelland, age 17.

Justice of the Peace H. C. Osborn united a Hazel Valley couple in marriage on December 25th, 1884. E. J. Barker, 23 and Miss Milley, Stacy, 25, had a Christmas wedding.

T. A. Beament and Miss Hattie Busey, 19, both of Fayetteville were married by J. F. Johnson, a Justice of the Peace, on October 30, 1884.

Bris Bell, 23 and Miss Phena Gaines, age 18, were united by the Rev. John A. Jenkins on August 24th, 1884. Fayetteville residents.

From West Fork, Henry T. Bentley, 25, and Miss Kate Smith, 17, came for a license to wed, and C. D. Fry, a Minister of the Gospel accommodated them on June 22, 1884.

Thomas W. Blackburn, 25 of Boonsboro, and Miss Jennie Reynolds, 21, of Fayetteville, went to the Rev. H. M. Welch, a popular minister, for their March 5, 1884 wedding ceremony.

Cincinnati folks F. M. Blade, 40 and Miss Matilda Alcot, 33, were married on November 13, 1884 by N. R. West, LD of the ME Church South.

The Rev. Berry F. Totten performed the ceremony for a couple from the village of Billingsley on January 10, 1884. They were James E. Blakemore and Miss Belle Carney.

L. D. Blakemore of Prairie Grove, age 30, went down to Boonsboro on July 22, 1884, where the Rev. George W. Morrow united him in wedlock with Miss Maggie Hodges, age 17.

From Mankins postoffice, which was later changed to Sulphur City, came R. L. Boaz, age 24, and Miss Cate Fincher, age 21, to be married by the Rev. Johnson Crawford on February 7, 1884. Boaz, Fincher and Crawford were prominent names on Middle Fork.

C. M. Bogan, 26, and Miss Malissa Guinn, 18, both of Hazel Valley, went to H. C. Osburn, who married them on November 13th, 1884.

Samuel Bolton, 22 and Miss Martha Walker, 27, both of the Robinson Community on the Washington-Benton County line were married on September 11th, 1884, by J. C. Robertson, a Minister of the Gospel.

J. L. Bozarth, 21 and Miss Sue S. Schoolfield, 19, popular Fayetteville couple, were married by the Rev. William Penn on April 17, 1884.

The Rev. J. S. Mahan performed the August 4th, 1884 ceremony uniting Squire Bradley, 32 and Miss Perthena Buckler, 27, both of Brentwood.

J. B. Brewer, 24 and Miss Nannie Maguire, 20 years, took their license to the Rev. L. J. A. Prather, who signed for them on May 13, 1884.

D. A. Bridenthal, 25 and Miss Arlilia Couch, 18, Fayetteville people, were married by C. P. Tupper, a Minister of the Gospel on Mar. 18, 1884.

P. B. Hopkins, a Preacher, performed the May 13, 1884 marriage for M. W. Books, 40 of Rheas Mill and Miss Maggie L. Whittenburg, 25, of Cane Hill.

An Evansville couple, Oscar Bryant, 22 and Miss Emma Pevehouse, 22 also, were married by W. E. Whittenburg, MG. on Feb. 28, 1884.

John D. Bullard, 31 and Miss Annie J. Wheeler, 21, were married on August 27, 1884 by Justice of the Peace H. H. Barron. The names suggest an area along the Old Wire Road south.

M. C. Burch, 31, of Elm Springs married Miss L. C. Bilderback, 17 of Springdale, on September 14, 1883 with Justice Sam Sevier officiating.

Justice J. C. Massie of Fayetteville read the vows for 33 year old Tom Calahan, and 30 year old Miss Ellen J. Slade of Winslow, on July 14, 1884.

R. Calkins, 35 and Mrs. M. Combs, 43, of Fayetteville, were married by the Rev. Sidney H. Babcock on June 10, 1884.

N. F. Goodrich, Elm Springs Minister, performed the ceremony uniting 22 year olds, William Carr and Mrs. Abbie Smith, both of Elm Springs, on Feb. 5, 1884.

J. D. Carter, 21 and Miss M. J. Glass, both of Fayetteville, went to the Rev. William Penn, who united them in wedlock on March 26, 1884.

From the Cane Hill area came C. D. Gartner, 22 and Miss Willie Edmondson, 21, of Prairie Grove, who were married by the Rev. P. B. Hopkins on December 14, 1884.

Joab Caviness, a preacher, performed the September 14, 1884 ceremony for William S. Caughman, and Miss Malissa Center, a Winslow couple, both aged 18.

Milton Chadsey, 60 years of age and Mrs. Jane Hubbard, 40, were married by W. P. Harrison, a Minister, on Dec. 2, 1884. The couple were from down Blackburn way.

The Maguire Store area furnished Albert Chidester, 27 and Miss Mary Crow, age 16, who were married by Marshall Ennis, a Minister of the Gospel, on June 22, 1884.

Justice J. M. Sanders of Spring Valley officiated at the wedding of George A. Claud, 21 and Miss Margaret A. Davis, 17, both of the same area, on Feb. 10, 1884.

Wiley Cosby and Miss Annie E. Dye, 19 and 18 years of age, were pronounced husband and wife by the Rev. L. J. A. Prather on March 4, 1884. Cosby lived at Fayetteville and his bride at Cross Roads.

Robert Coulter, 45 and Mrs. Martha Edwards, 30, were married by the Rev. Berry F. Totten on January 17, 1884. He was from Prairie Grove, and the lady from Farmington.

A West Fork couple, William Coverdell, 25 and Miss Dolly Wilbanks, age 26, were married on August 11, 1884 by William Ingram, MG.

From Aurora came W. M. Cox, 25 to wed Miss Tenny Ledhiter, 21 who found Justice J. C. Massie available to perform their ceremony on Sept. 22, 1884.

C. G. Crawford of St. Lane, Madison County, and Miss E. C. Tucker of Cincinnati, ages 25 and 19, were married by the Rev. William Penn on October 18, 1884.

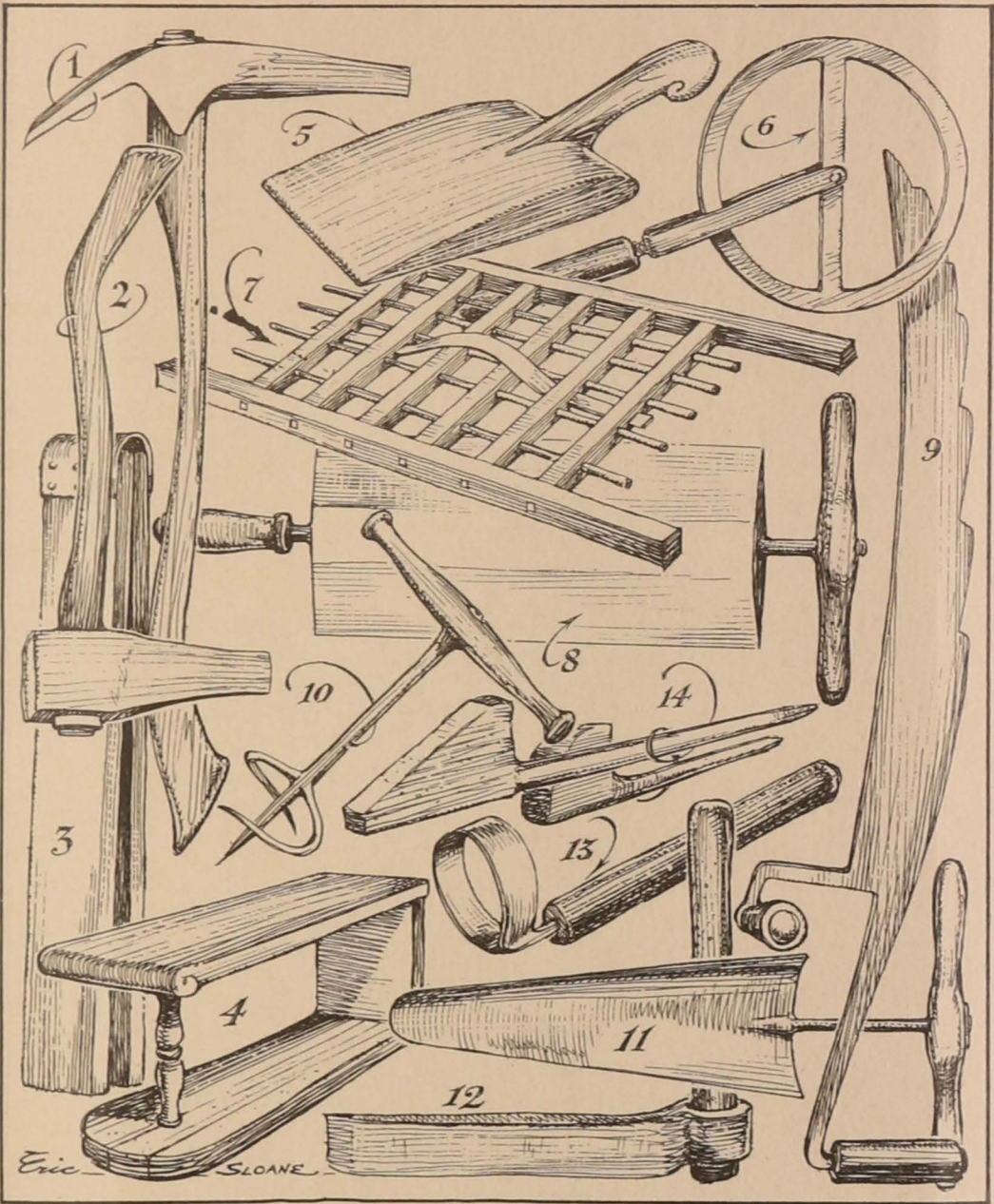
EARLY AMERICAN IMPLEMENTS: WHAT ARE THEY?

SEE

RIGHT

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1. Ice axe.
2. Post axe, used for cutting mortises in beams.
3. Lard squeezer.
4. Armrest, often used during long church meetings.
5. Feather-bed pater, used for smoothing out feather mattresses and quilts.
6. Wheel race, used for measuring the circumference of a wheel before fitting it with its metal rim.
7. Candlemaker. Wicks were tied to it and dipped into hot wax.
8. Leather, or beaming, knife, used for dressing hides.
9. Hay saw.
10. Screw, used for loosening sugar in a sugar barrel.
11. Wheelwright's reamer, used for boring hub holes.
12. Froe, used for splitting wood into shingles.
13. Round shave, or scorper, used to smooth the inside of a barrel and also to make bowls of wood.
14. Hook pins, or drift hooks, used to peg beams together temporarily when laying a framework on the ground, before raising a house.



Fayetteville as it was in 1874. This historical recreation was done by Erwin Doege, artist of Rogers, with research assistance by WCHS member Peter Harkins. It depicted the town as it was the day the McIlroy Bank opened its new building in the fall of that year. The structure still stands, though its banking functions have been replaced by a new structure. This painting, in full color appeared as a supplement to the NW Arkansas Times in 1972. The original hangs in the lobby of the McIlroy Bank.

